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57TH CONGRESS,) HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
1st Session.)

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

AMOS J. CUMMINGS

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.



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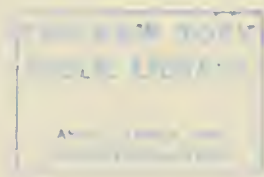




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DEATH OF HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

MAY 3, 1902.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, once more brought face to face with the mystery of mysteries in the death of one of the members of this House, we look up to Thee, source of light and life and love, for strength and consolation. We bless Thee for his long and faithful career as a journalist and statesman.

Conservative in his views, strong in his convictions, he stood fearlessly, boldly, for what he conceived to be right, on the field of battle, in his writings, and on the floor of this House.

Be very near to those who knew and loved him best, his friends and colleagues, and especially those who were near and dear to him in the ties of kinship.

Peace be to his ashes and repose to his soul. With faith in Thee may we look forward with hope to the future, that on some near or distant shore we shall finally meet where sorrows never enter and joys are eternal; in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS,

late a Representative from the State of New York, which occurred at Baltimore last evening.

Of his loyalty and courage, his devotion to duty, his unswerving patriotism, and his long and distinguished service as a member of this House I shall defer to speak at length until at a later day the House shall set aside a day to pay fitting tribute to his memory. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved (in recognition of the long and distinguished term of service rendered in this body by Mr. CUMMINGS), That appropriate services be held in the Hall of the House on Sunday, May 4, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take orders concerning the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER announced the appointment of the following-named members as the committee on the part of the House: Mr. McClellan, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Ray, of New York; Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Young, Mr. Clark, Mr. Foss, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi; Mr. McCleary, Mr. Tate, and Mr. Otey.

The SPEAKER (at 12 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m.). And now, in pursuance of the action of the House just taken, this body stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

MAY 5, 1902.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message from the Senate announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions.

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

JUNE 10, 1902.

LATE HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, after consultation with members on both sides of the House, I am requested to ask for unanimous consent that it be ordered that when the House adjourn on Saturday, June 28, it adjourn to meet on Sunday, June 29, at 11 o'clock, the session to be devoted to eulogies upon the life, character, and public services of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS, of New York.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent that when the House adjourn on Saturday, June 28, it adjourn to meet at 11 o'clock on Sunday, the 29th of June, the occasion to be devoted to eulogies upon the life, character, and services of the late Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

JUNE 29, 1902.

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we lift up our hearts in gratitude to Thee for a deep, tender, sympathetic nature, which enables us not only to enter into the joys and sorrows of

our fellows, but enables us to appreciate all that is truly noble and great in them, and we bless Thee for the beautiful custom which prevails in the American Congress which, at the death of a member, brings them together in a memorial service that they may tenderly and feelingly express their sense of loss and pronounce fitting eulogies and encomiums on his life and character.

We are here to-day, O Lord, feeling keenly the loss of two members of this House, who for their ability, strength of character, manly bearing, and distinguished services have left vacant chairs which can not be easily filled, and we truly mourn their loss. We bless Thee for the excellency of their lives, for their distinguished and efficient services to their country, for the worthy example they have left behind them as statesmen and patriots. And we thank Thee that their colleagues and associates will hold up to the world their characters in the light of truth as examples worthy of study and emulation. And we bless Thee that this day has been selected, since it is really the Lord's day—the day of the week on which the immortality of the soul was demonstrated and confirmed, which assures us that death is not an extinction of being, but an epoch—an event—in the grand eternal march of existence. Let Thy blessing be upon this service, and fit us all by the discipline of the now that we may enter upon the then fully prepared for whatever awaits us.

Comfort, we beseech Thee, the bereaved families with the blessed assurance of a never-ending reunion, where the angel of death never enters, where joy and peace eternal shall reign supreme, and glory and honor and praise be Thine through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE CUMMINGS.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York offers the following resolutions, which will be read by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following request for unanimous consent.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution which the Clerk will now read to the House.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. McClellan asks unanimous consent —

That all members be permitted to print remarks upon the life, character, and services of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS;

That the report of the funeral services held in memory of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS on the floor of the House May 4, 1902, be printed in the same volume with the report of these proceedings; and

That he be permitted to print as a part of his remarks the report of the memorial exercises held at Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on June 22, 1902, under the auspices of Typographical Union No. 6.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolutions were agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR MCCLELLAN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: The life of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of such intense interest, of such ceaseless activity and varied experience, his character was so many-sided, that in speaking of his life work one is almost overwhelmed by the wealth of material from which to choose. Printer and newspaper man, editor and man of letters, soldier of fortune and soldier for the Union, politician in the best sense of the word, and Representative in Congress for many years, there was scarcely a phase of human life and human sympathy with which he was unfamiliar. Always ready to sound the praises of others, always ready to recognize merit and worth in political enemies, CUMMINGS was one of the most modest men where he himself was concerned. A delightful companion, an inimitable story-teller, he used to describe the experiences of his life from the point of view of an onlooker, as though he himself had had no share in the stirring deeds in which he had taken part.

A filibuster under Walker in his last expedition to Nicaragua, CUMMINGS began a life of adventure at an age when most boys are still at school. On the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, and came out as sergeant-major of the regiment. He fought at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg. For his gallantry at Salem Heights, May 4, 1863, he received the Congressional medal of honor. He was justly proud of the knot of ribbon he wore in his buttonhole—the bit of ribbon of such small money value and of such immeasurable worth. The regiment was ordered to support a battery in resisting a Con-

federate charge. Such was the desperate gallantry of the Confederates that CUMMINGS's regiment broke and began to retire, leaving the battery in the hands of the enemy. Seizing the colors from the hands of the color-sergeant, who had been mortally wounded, CUMMINGS turned and, under a galling fire, ran back to the captured guns. The regiment halted, rallied around him, and the guns were recovered.

CUMMINGS became a compositor on the New York Tribune, and helped to save the Tribune office from the mob during the draft riots in 1863. Later on he became editor of the Weekly Tribune, and afterwards joined the staff of the New York Sun, subsequently becoming its managing editor.

In 1886 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. He declined a renomination on becoming managing editor of the New York Evening Sun, but was reelected to the Fifty-first Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. S. S. Cox. He was reelected to the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, and defeated for the Fifty-fourth, but elected in another district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. A. J. Campbell. He was reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. He thus had a continuous service of nearly fifteen years. His record was a convincing proof of the wisdom of keeping good men in Congress. The longer he stayed the greater became his influence and the greater his usefulness to the people of New York and to the country.

His best work was performed as chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and when in opposition as head of the minority of that committee. He was recognized not only here, but everywhere, as one of the greatest authorities on naval matters. As a member of the Committee on the Library his ability as a literary man showed itself in some of his reports on public monuments, which are classics. But his membership

on the Committee on Labor was always nearest to his heart. It is probable that he was prouder of what he was able to accomplish in his fifteen years of service in the cause of organized labor than he was of any of the many useful acts in his useful life. Always a member of Typographical Union No. 6, the interests of organized labor were his especial care and pleasure. In his death labor lost one of its best and wisest friends.

He was an unassuming man, of simple, gentle nature, with a marvelous capacity for making friends and for retaining them. A profound lover of nature and her beauties, he had a profound trust in and love of mankind. The world is richer because he lived, and poorer because he died.

ADDRESS OF MR. FOSS, OF ILLINOIS.

MR. SPEAKER: Much has been said in tribute to the memory of the man we mourn to-day, but not too much, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was not made in the ordinary mold. He was a marked man of his generation and his time. He thought much, he wrote much, he labored much, and therefore unto him much honor is due.

I first met AMOS J. CUMMINGS when I came to this House as a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. My associations extended from that time until the day of his death, but I came to know him well in connection with his work on the Naval Committee. He was at one time chairman of that committee, and ever had the interests of the naval service thoroughly at heart. He was always regularly at the meetings, even to the last few weeks before his death when it caused him a great deal of effort and pain to be present. No one was better posted on naval affairs than he. He had made it his peculiar study during his Congressional career and was familiar with every branch of the great subject.

His sympathy was particularly with the enlisted men of the Navy—the under dogs, so to speak, of the Navy—the men who make possible the victories of our great commanders. These are the men whose condition he sought to better, because he believed that the strength of the personnel of the Navy lay in the contentment and training of the enlisted men, and to his splendid work is due in no small degree the preparedness of the Navy in our last war, and while it is proper that we should give credit to the officers and men who actually engaged in that conflict that added Manila and Santiago to the pages in our naval

history, yet it must be said that much is due also to AMOS J. CUMMINGS, who, long before the war came, saw the necessity of building up our strong arm upon the sea, of appropriating money for the building of ships, so that when the war should come we would be ready to meet the foe.

In my associations with AMOS J. CUMMINGS I found him always to be a broad and generous man. He differed from his colleagues on many important questions, upon which any man might have reasonable differences, and strove for what he believed to be right, yet he never took advantage of his opponent. He fought out in the open, and he fought with a determination which even those who differed from him were wont to respect and admire. It is said that all the world loves a fighter, and no manlier fighter ever lived than AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. CUMMINGS was a good partisan, but a better American. He realized that there should be no partisanship in the Navy any more than there should be in the Army. He appreciated that magnificent sentiment of Webster that "At the water's edge all politics should cease." It was the same spirit which he manifested on the floor of the House when he said, "May I be paralyzed when I vote against a proposition for the comfort and shelter of American soldiers." That same sentiment actuated him in all the great and small questions which he was called upon to consider in connection with the maintenance and building up of the American Navy. He ever stood the strong supporter of the Army and the Navy, the defenders of our country upon land and sea.

There were many beautiful traits in this man's character. Not only was he patriotic and broad minded and courageous, as exemplified in a long and distinguished public career, but there were so often displayed in his daily life those little touches of human character which indicate the strong and mighty purpose of the man. He was a great lover of nature, and it is doubtful

whether any man ever becomes great who does not love nature. He often used to hie himself to a small camp on the banks of the Susquehanna River, where during a portion of the summer months he spent his time fishing. He loved the running waters, the shapely trees, and delighted in calling and coaxing the birds and squirrels to him. His letters from Florida upon the trees and beauties of nature are well worth reading. His knowledge of botany and of floriculture was remarkable. He was truly nature's child.

He seemed to understand nature in all its various manifestations, and no one has ever read his letters, where he spoke each week to more people than any member of Congress, but what they were struck with the breadth of his knowledge. He seemed to commune with the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air and the animals that walk upon the earth.

If I had time I could give many instances of this, how at one time he set at liberty a whole box of unfortunate tadpoles which had been left high and dry by the tide, and how every day for months he fed the squirrels in Capitol Park, and would often go to market to buy nuts for the little fellows, who became so tame that they ate from his hands. He had a canary in his room which he would always take to his meals with him and while eating would converse with the bird.

I could relate a very touching incident of his life which exemplified the real self of the man in rescuing from a burning building a poor burned dog, which he carefully nursed and tenderly cared for, and which ever afterwards became his constant companion in his home. He was a friend of everything that crept and chirped and barked and sang and grew and toiled and spun in nature's garden. He exemplified in his life the teachings of Holy Writ—he that giveth most receiveth most. He was, indeed, nature's child and in love with her, and loving much he was most beloved.

Another splendid trait about this man was that his sympathies went out constantly to his fellows around him, those who were struggling up life's highway, to the unfortunate and the downtrodden and the depressed. He knew what life's struggle was. He had climbed from the lowliest round and he never spurned the way by which he climbed. He was the outspoken champion of labor. His great aim in life was to better labor's condition.

Another thing about this man was that he was never too big to be known as "Amos." In fact, it pleased him to be called by his Christian name. Every child in the block in which he lived called him "Amos," not in disrespect, but in the fullness of affection for the man. And so to-day we mourn this man of broad sympathies, of large capacities, and great abilities, who had been successful in many avenues of life, one of the best journalists—a disciple of Greeley and of Dana—a true and loyal soldier, a broad statesman, a captivating public speaker; but we who knew him so well mourn him most of all as our friend and colleague, with all the wealth of meaning which those terms imply.

He was a great lover of books. He roamed over the fields of literature gathering unto him sentiments and ideas as he roamed over the hills and valleys and dales. The last thing which this lover of books read preparatory to taking his journey to the neighboring city for the operation which resulted in his death was this extract from a book by Sir Jonah Barrington, entitled "Personal Sketches of His Own Times, and I read it now, as it seems appropriate to the hour and occasion:

But another quality of inestimable value I possess, thank heaven, in a degree which, at my time of life, if not supernatural, is not very far from it, a memory of the greatest and most wide-ranging powers. Its retrospect is astonishing to myself, and has wonderfully increased since my necessary application to a single science has been dispensed with. The recollection of one early incident of our lives never fails to introduce

another, and the marked occurrences of my life from childhood to the wrong side of a grand climacteric are at this moment fresh in my memory in all their natural tints as at the instant of their occurrence.

CUMMINGS.

Happy, cheerful, loyal man,
Built upon the God-like plan,
Always doing something good
For his human brotherhood;
Memory, with her magic spell,
O'er the years shall fondly tell
How his glorious, active mind
Loved and wrought for all mankind.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May, 1902.*

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ADDRESS OF MR. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS.

MR. SPEAKER: In the hurry and pressure of legislative life, I have not had time to prepare remarks touching our late colleague. And yet this morning, in this Hall, with the House in session where I have so often met the late Representative, who was my friend, I feel that I want to say a word about his services and his character. I think, perhaps, he would have had a word of sympathy for my friends if the circumstances had been reversed. More than that, my heart prompts me to give a word of sympathy to his family and friends.

The life in this House is a strenuous life. The contests are sharp and decisive. The House has to assist, and in the main originate, legislation that makes for the good or otherwise of 80,000,000 people. Sometimes we laugh about it.

Sometimes we say that Representatives have easy times—that anybody can be a Representative; as he can if he is chosen by a constituency. Easy berth! But gentlemen know, I think the country knows, and I know that AMOS J. CUMMINGS realized the fact that it takes all of the industry, all of the culture, all of the devotion of an honest man and a patriot to perform the duties of a Representative properly in this House. He came in 1887, if I recollect aright, in the Fiftieth Congress, and served continuously to the end. God gave him manly courage. He was intellectually honest. A great many people can be honest—that they will not steal, accept bribes or give bribes—that is grand and splendid when temptation comes. But in his whole make-up he was honest and manly as well as courageous. In my service with him I never heard a word uttered by him or

witnessed an action that made me say that he was striking or desired to strike below the belt. He would give good hard knocks, but there was no treachery in his make-up. His communications were yea, yea, and nay, nay. And I am glad to say, after some length of service in this House, that that is the rule and not the exception.

He was here; he is absent. The Master said on one occasion, "Let the dead bury the dead." If I understand what that means, it is that when the life is gone—born, living, dying, less than forty years upon the average—it is that there is no time for the past except as we may benefit by it in walking in the present and prophesying as to the future. Nothing short of infinite power can call him back. That infinite power never has been exercised from the beginning, and never will be. The human animal moves under fixed law, as all matter is under fixed law.

This man, a moving and ambitious man, achieved his place—printer, journalist, soldier, statesman, and all comprehended in the word "man." A hundred years from now, yes, fifty years from now, as men pass back in the lobby and see the portraits of ex-Speakers and point out one after another and say, "Where did he come from?" as we do of some of the portraits now; in fifty years, and no man can mention the names of members of this Congress. Then some one may say, "Why do we strive to perform our duty?" Because we are part and parcel of the sovereign force of a free people. We believe in our race. The product of those races of people that have evolved, worked out their own salvation, each generation achieving an advance and the next generation holding that advance and going a day's march farther on.

I think Mr. CUMMINGS, from conversations with him, but more particularly from his actions, realized what I have spoken of. He had pride that he belonged to that race, and made his

contribution to the general good, and was content, as I think we all are, after having thus contributed, to depart in peace, feeling while we will be swallowed up by the great majority and our individuality be forgotten, yet we have contributed our respective mites to the advancement and achievements of that race to which we belong.

But what of the other side of the river? Revelation and faith tell us that we will not cease to exist. We enjoy the universal desire that is to be found in each human unit from the beginning of the race to the present time for the life beyond this life. The universal protest against extinction is the strongest kind of evidence that our respective individualities are not to be wiped out. And without repeating the words or recollecting the poet, but somewhere in my reading, here or there, I recollect some poem, I think entitled "Night," and the central thought, beautifully expressed, was that as the sun disappears behind the horizon the stars and the glories of the heavens appear; and we all have the faith that with death the individuality remains and the glories of space appear; and all hope and believe that somewhere in the great beyond, under universal law, as it has been from the beginning, we will each one continue to achieve the place in the infinite existence that we are entitled to occupy.

I trust when I shall cross the dark river that I may arrive at that place in space or condition where I will meet such men as AMOS J. CUMMINGS and men with whom I served who crossed the river—SAMUEL J. RANDALL, WILLIAM D. KELLEY, BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, S. S. COX, and many others that I could name—and in such condition I shall be glad and content.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULZER, OF NEW YORK.

MR. SPEAKER: The recent sad and untimely death, in the city of Baltimore, of our lamented colleague, AMOS J. CUMMINGS, was a grievous blow to his sorrowing and bereaved family, a terrible affliction to his innumerable friends in every walk of life throughout the entire land, and an irreparable loss to the country which he loved so well and for so many years served so faithfully.

For a long time, sir, I knew Mr. CUMMINGS intimately and personally, and I loved him with an affectionate regard like unto that of a brother. We had for years been warm friends socially and politically, and his unfortunate death affected me with an inexpressible and poignant grief. Sometimes I can hardly realize that dear old AMOS, as we loved to call him, is with us no more; that he is gone—forever. But the sadness of his taking off teaches us that life, after all, is fleeting and transitory, and that one by one we pass away and beyond—over to the great majority—to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Life here at most is but a day—from dawn to darkness. Let us, then, on this solemn occasion resolve so to live that when the inevitable summons shall come we will be prepared and answer, "Ready."

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. Speaker, AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a man of brain and brawn—a true type of ideal American manhood. He was no ordinary man, he had no counterpart, he was *sui generis*. He had a genial nature, a companionable disposition, a sunshiny manner, a happy faculty of making others happy, and withal a lovable character. He was a child of our free institutions, eminently a self-made man, and the true architect of his own career. He was the friend of the rank and file, a sincere believer in the principles of Thomas Jefferson, and a Democrat in its broadest and most liberal sense. He loved the Union, gloried in the greatness of the flag, and was the eloquent friend of the soldier. He was a typesetter, a writer of ability, a man of parts, a true poet, and a lover of nature. He was a soldier, a pioneer, and a statesman, generous to a fault—a kindly, loyal, noble-hearted man upon whose like we shall not look again. His name was a household word in our land and, beyond doubt, he was one of the best-known men in our country.

He knew men and he was familiar with books. He was an industrious student, an untiring worker. He had, in the highest sense, journalistic talent, a quick sense of humor, a searching insight into truth, and a zest for news. He had a graphic style, an imaginative mind, and indefatigable energy. He saw things in their true light and his comprehensive mind grasped them and pictured them in a way that was as felicitous as it was original. In his death the press of the country lost a shining light and literature an ornament. If he had remained exclusively in the newspaper field, he would have stood at the head of the profession and long ago have been the editor of a great metropolitan daily, with all its honors and emoluments. But he liked public life and wanted to help his fellow-man. His record in Congress is familiar to us all, and it is an honest, noble, patriotic record that all his friends can now and ever hereafter point to with pride. It will be his most lasting

monument, more enduring than marble or brass. But he will live, too, in the memory of his friends, of those who really knew him, of those who loved him, of the thousands whom he helped and benefited while living, of those he cared for, of the people whose servant he was, of humanity which he loved and for which he struggled all his life to raise to a higher plane and push forward a step in the onward march of civilization. These will not forget him; they will keep his memory green in thankful hearts and fond recollections forever and a day.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense
And doubles all its blessings.

Mr. CUMMINGS was one of the most delightful companions I ever knew, a raconteur, a genial friend, and an accomplished conversationalist. He was a man of infinite jest, and his spontaneous wit bubbled over. He could talk as entertainingly as he could write interestingly; but his heart was always with the poor and afflicted. He never failed to aid them and to comfort them. He knew the good old rule that one can only be happy by making others happy. He followed this rule. He believed in it. He did good for the sake of doing good. He helped thousands, sympathized with the oppressed, urged the toiler onward, stood for the higher civilization, and worked incessantly to make the world better and greater and grander. Col. John A. Joyce, of this city, wrote these beautiful and poetical lines about Mr. CUMMINGS when he died:

Happy, cheerful, loyal man,
Built upon the God-like plan,
Always doing something good
For his human brotherhood;
Memory, with her magic spell,
O'er the years shall fondly tell
How his glorious, active mind
Loved and wrought for all mankind.

It is indeed a beautiful stanza, a genuine tribute, sums up the life and work of Mr. CUMMINGS, and the words—grand words—should be inscribed on his tombstone and committed to memory by every friend he had. They are true of AMOS. He liked Colonel Joyce and Colonel Joyce liked him. They were boon companions for many years. They frequently met here in Washington, talked over the poets, and sang the old songs that will never die. No one in this city will miss him more than dear old Colonel Joyce, unless it be William R. Smith, of the Botanical Gardens, who would say of AMOS what Bobby Burns said of Highland Mary:

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was born May 15, 1841, in Conkling, N. Y. Both his father and his grandfather were clergymen. His father was editor of the *Christian Palladium* and the *Christian Messenger*, and at 12 AMOS became an apprentice in the composing room. After gaining some experience, he left home and earned his own living as a compositor in Western and Southern cities. He often said he had set type in every State in the Union, and he never surrendered his membership ticket in Typographical Union No. 6. He remained a member of that famous typesetting union until his death.

While in Mobile in 1857 he joined the Walker expedition to take Nicaragua, which wound up in capture by the United States sloop of war *St. Mary*, now the school-ship of that name.

Upon his release he came to New York and entered the composing room of the *Tribune*. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Regiment. He became its sergeant-major, and for gallantry at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he received a medal of honor and the thanks of Congress. He returned from the war in time to help defend the *Tribune* office when it was mobbed during the draft riots in 1863.

Horace Greeley's attention was attracted to him by his returning to the composing room early one morning and putting in type a story of a fire without a line of "copy." Mr. Greeley placed him in charge of the Weekly Tribune in 1864, and subsequently he held nearly every editorial position on the daily edition. In 1869 he became managing editor of the Sun.

His health failing in 1872, he left New York to travel, and his correspondence over the signature of "Ziska" attracted world-wide attention. In 1876 he took charge of the New York Evening Express. He was twice president of the New York Press Club. He was elected to Congress by the Democrats in 1886. The following year he helped start the Evening Sun and became its editor. He declined a renomination to Congress in 1888, but in 1889 he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of "Sunset" Cox, and, with a brief intermission following his defeat by Col. Richard G. Shannon, in 1894, he served continuously in Congress since 1889, representing New York districts. He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions in 1892 and 1896.

Perhaps the most romantic period of the life of Mr. CUMMINGS relates to the time when he joined Walker in the last invasion of Nicaragua. It has not been settled in the minds of historians whether Walker was a freebooter or a patriot, but he lived a wild life, and it ended in a swift death. He had a motley, nondescript army, made up of adventurers from many countries and of all ages. CUMMINGS was then 17 years old, but had stood up against printers' cases for half a dozen years, and seen life in all parts of the United States. He often said he went with Walker because he imagined Walker was a new Napoleon, and that he (CUMMINGS) might rise to be one of his marshals. CUMMINGS, however, used to laughingly say that he never rose higher than the rank of high private.

Gen. William Walker is almost forgotten by the people of

this generation, but forty-five years ago he was a conspicuous figure in the affairs of Central America and a live factor in the politics of the United States. As a filibuster Walker occupies a place in history as distinctly as any of the famous buccaneers of the last century. Walker was a young man, only 29, when he formed his scheme of conquest, and only 36 when he last saw the sun gleam along the gun barrels of his executioners.

In 1853, with a handful of men, he took possession of Lower California, but was dislodged. He landed in Nicaragua with 56 men, half of whom were shot in the first battle for conquest. But he joined forces with a victorious native general, and was made commander in chief of the Nicaraguan army. Walker shot right and left, and proclaimed himself president of Nicaragua. Several times he was captured, but always released. At last—September 12, 1860—he was tried by court-martial and shot.

Mr. CUMMINGS had for comrades on the Walker expedition Englishmen fresh from Sebastopol, Hungarians who had bled under Kossuth, red-shirted Italians who had ridden behind Garibaldi, and Indians who were descended from Toltecs and Aztecs. Mr. CUMMINGS frequently chanted, to the delight of his friends, the song of the filibusters, as follows:

How would you like a soldier's life
 On the plains of Nicara-goo?
 Marching away and fighting all day,
 Nothing to eat and as much to pay;
 We do it all for glory, they say,
 On the plains of Nicara-goo.
 Not a bit of breakfast did I see,
 And a dinner was all the same to me;
 Two fried oats and three fried rats
 Was a supper at Nicara-goo.
 Marching away and fighting all day,
 Nothing to eat and as much to pay;
 We do it all for glory, they say,
 On the plains of Nicara-goo.

To tell the story of Mr. CUMMINGS'S life, so romantic and exciting in his youth, so full of interest during all his years, so active at all times, so crowded with telling work, stirring events, and crowned with so many successes and so many enduring achievements—to tell this story, I say, would fill a large book and then be incomplete.

Some day his biography will be written—written by a clever pen and with a loving heart. He was always aggressive and progressive, untiring and enterprising. He met Napoleon's test—he did things. He had convictions and he adhered to them tenaciously. He had a mind of his own—no one owned him. He was as loyal to his principles as he was steadfast in his friendships. He had moral courage—he knew the right and he dared to do it. He never faltered in a just fight. He had the rectitude of the rocks, the consistency of the tide. His gallant nature and chivalric spirit was enlisted at all times—

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And in the good that we can do.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS died at the zenith of his greatness, in the sere and yellow leaf, in the flood tide of his fame, in the late autumn of his active and exciting life, crowned by the glory of his many accomplishments, loved by all who knew him and by thousands and thousands who only knew of him. He had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith, he had run his course, he has gone to his eternal home and will be with us here again no more; but his memory lives and will ever abide with us and live so long as gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Tenderly and lovingly we carried him to his final resting place amid the green, the beautiful, and everlasting hills of New Jersey. There he sleeps under a magnificent mausoleum in the dreamy garden of the dead, perfumed with roses red and white, fragrant with wild flowers, and odoriferous with the breath of apple blossoms, this true American, this friend of mankind, this man who carved his own way in life from 12 to 61, this writer, orator, soldier, and statesman—he sleeps, and all his friends here and everywhere with one acclaim proclaim: Amos, hail and farewell!

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCALL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. SPEAKER: The House honors itself in pausing to-day to pay tribute to the memory of one who had for so long a time been among its most conspicuous and successful members. AMOS J. CUMMINGS was trained in a hard and exacting school—a school which, while it may mercilessly crush out the weak, will kindle and animate the strength of the strong. The early and constant coping with difficulties imparted a keen edge and temper to his fine faculties and made them vigilant, dexterous, and yet more powerful. He owed much also to the special culture he received in his chosen work of journalism. With his noble endowments nobly employed, he became the master of a striking style of speaking, a style full of epigram, of wit, of argumentative force, and of manly strength. There was little literary deadwood or rubbish in his speeches.

They were not loaded with fine words nor with artificial periods; but with an unerring instinct for the vital point, he struck, and struck hard, at the substance of the controversy. The form of his speech was simple, direct, and almost faultless in its taste. During my term of service here I saw few of our members who I thought were so inspiring and forceful in running debate as he was when at his best. He was a strong party man, yet he put country above party, and more than once have we seen him swing his formidable battle-ax against his own party when he believed it to be in the wrong.

His allegiance was first and always to the splendid institutions of his country and to those just and equal principles which

hold out hope and opportunity to the millions of poor American boys of the future, as they had held out hope and opportunity to him. He was the constant friend of those who earn their bread in the sweat of the brow, and his profound sympathy was with the producer rather than with the manipulator of the nation's wealth. When he departed from our midst, his profession lost a brilliant member, his constituents a courageous, a faithful, and a devoted Representative, and his country a strong, a loyal, and a patriotic son.

ADDRESS OF MR. MEYER, OF LOUISIANA.

MR. SPEAKER: The death of the Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS was to me a shock and a surprise. He seemed so full of active life and natural vigor that I could not conceive the idea of his passing away from us, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. His sudden death is an admonition to us all how frail is our tenure of life and how uncertain is the number of our days upon earth.

I had known him for many years—since the memorable meeting of the Fifty-second Congress and amidst the exciting incidents of that period. He entered upon the Naval Committee at the same time that I did, but was senior to me by reason of previous Congressional service, and soon rose to rank as senior Democrat upon the committee. In the Fifty-third Congress he became its chairman. He took the liveliest interest in all the work of the committee, both in the committee room and on the floor of the House. Together with our other colleagues, I derived great advantage from his labors and his intelligence and zeal. We might differ at times upon some minor detail, but our general views were in accord. Both of us labored as strongly as we could for the increase of the Navy, in a degree proportioned to the wants and strength and glory of a great country. His services upon this floor in that regard are within the memory of us all and will not be soon forgotten.

MR. CUMMINGS's career was a varied one. He was a soldier, a journalist, and a politician, and in all these different functions, so widely variant, he bore well his part. I do not propose to speak of his life in detail, because that has been done

by abler tongues than mine. But passing over any notice of his military career, we find him entering upon the work of journalism under Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. To win the approbation of two such men, who were unquestionably among the ablest and most accomplished journalists of this country, was no common test of merit, and yet Mr. CUMMINGS had the confidence and respect of both. I am not familiar with all the details of his journalistic career, but it is a matter of notoriety that his articles, his communications to the press, possessed the highest literary value.

Probably no better journalistic work was ever done than that which he rendered in his department in the New York Sun. His descriptive letters were something that could not be surpassed. At a later period, and when he became a member of this House, he did not entirely relinquish his journalistic work, but performed a very large amount of it in addition to his legislative duties. Now, it is a very rare thing for a successful journalist to make a successful politician and man of affairs. Many men succeed in the one rôle who are not able to succeed in the other. Mr. CUMMINGS had already greatly distinguished himself as a newspaper man. He not only showed great capacity as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs and his general treatment of public questions, but he showed remarkable power as a debater on this floor. If not a graceful, he was a very strong and impressive speaker. He could seize the strong points of a question and present them with great force from his own point of view. He was one of the most forceful and effective speakers on the floor in regard to the work of his committee.

The most striking feature, however, of Mr. CUMMINGS's late career was his wonderful grasp of the business of the House and of the influences which go to shape legislation. Probably no man ever came to the Congress who seized more intuitively upon

the mode in which its business was conducted and was better able to exhibit it in his articles for the press. A foreigner or student anxious to understand the House of Representatives, its conduct, administration, and methods of business as it is now conducted, could not do better than to read Mr. CUMMINGS's letters and articles upon that subject. Many of those articles were largely devoted to personal notices of the gentlemen who served in the House as his contemporaries. His treatment of these gentlemen in his articles was always kind; while critical and discriminate, they were unusually generous. It would be hard to find anyone who has dealt more generously with his associates of both parties on the floor than Mr. CUMMINGS. I do not suppose that he left on this floor a personal enemy behind him. Certainly there is not one of us who in this hour does not mourn his untimely end.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLARK, OF MISSOURI.

MR. SPEAKER: Gen. James A. Garfield uttered a great truth when he said "There is no place on earth where a man will more certainly or more speedily reach his true level than in the House of Representatives."

It may be confidently asserted that a mean man can not climb high here. He must possess genuine merit, unquailing courage, lofty patriotism, spotless honor, and generous heart to win the esteem of his fellows.

Most of us are partisans, but it is my honest opinion that all of us are patriots according to our lights. Sometimes the light is dim and flickering, but we do the best we can.

We fight each other vigorously—sometimes bitterly and in an unseemly manner—not because any member is against the country, but because of the truth enunciated in the old saying, "Many men of many minds," and because we take different views as to what is best for the country, for it is absolutely true that he serves his party best who serves his country best.

To the honor of human nature be it said that members of this House are jealous of their reputation and earnestly strive to preserve their honor bright as the spear of Achilles or the plowshare of Cincinnatus.

Rarely indeed does it happen that our contests here engender permanent personal animosities. Men who fight each other the most fiercely frequently come to be the best of friends. None escape without scars, but few, few suffer from festering wounds.

The big aisle of the House which separates us politically does not, thank God, constitute the line of demarcation in personal friendships.

We are ranked as mere politicians now, but, reading the future by the past, we have the abiding consolation of knowing that some of the politicians of this generation will be accounted statesmen by succeeding generations. Most of us are headed for oblivion, some for earthly immortality; but whithersoever we are tending, one thing all of us, great and small, can do, and that is to bravely, industriously, and resolutely do our duty as God gives it to us to see our duty.

To AMOS J. CUMMINGS this House paid the unusual tribute of a public funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the rare honor was well bestowed. He was one of the most useful and most popular men that ever sat within these historic walls.

None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise.

Wherefore? Because he loved everybody. He spoke evil of no one. With his friendly pen he made the fortunes of many public men. He was a most felicitous writer, and he delighted to write of their excellencies, which he magnified even as a lover magnifies the charms of his sweetheart.

"Remember me at my best" is the pathetic request which Charles Dickens, of blessed memory, puts into the mouth of James Steerforth when bidding farewell to David Copperfield. AMOS CUMMINGS always painted his friends at their best, and he did it with a master hand. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of St. Paul's rhapsody on charity in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I have become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." If there was any virtue or grace or ability in a man, he sought it out

and exploited it to the utmost. A dullard he pitied; a rascal he loathed; a pretender he despised. He was an explorer after human talents, and sometimes made discoveries of intellectual riches of which their possessors even had never dreamed. To new members he was a helpful friend, philosopher, and guide.

He was brave as a lion, gentle as a woman, plain as an old shoe, honest as the day is long, tireless as the force of gravitation, energetic as a steam engine, faithful to his conceptions of duty as the needle to the pole. He stood unabashed in the presence of Presidents and of princes. He was easily accessible to the humble, the needy, and the distressed.

His funeral services in New York were attended by statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, editors, and men of high degree; but the lowly were there in thousands with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts for their dead champion, who never failed them in any emergency. In the very best sense he was "the friend of the people;" and the people—the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call them—repaid that friendship in Scripture measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over.

The most convincing proof of his popularity is that he was spoken of, thought of, and addressed as "Amos" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Only on exceptional and state occasions was he talked of or written about or addressed as "Mr. CUMMINGS" or "Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS." He was always "Amos" to his friends—and his friends constituted newspaper-reading America—and "Amos" he will remain to us who loved him and mourn him until we are summoned to the presence of our Maker.

A worker all his days, he enjoyed this glorious world with the hearty zest of a boy, and the world enjoyed him. It is a more delectable place for human habitation because he lived in it. He was broad gauged in both politics and religion. A

Republican House voted him a public funeral, although he was a Democrat, and a distinguished Catholic prelate participated in his funeral services, although he was a Protestant.

Some men are created to be honored; some are created to be loved; a few are created to be both loved and honored. To that small but goodly company AMOS J. CUMMINGS unquestionably belonged.

He did not confine his love to the human family, but it embraced all "animated nature," to borrow Oliver Goldsmith's phrase. He loved the lower animals; he loved the birds; he loved the flowers. One of his keenest delights was to throw off the cares of statesmanship, lay down his facile pen, and while away a few hours with his bosom crony, Hon. William R. Smith, Superintendent of the National Botanic Gardens, in luxuriating amid the flowers and shrubbery which Shenstone would have admired, and in discussing "sweet Robbie Burns," the tenderest poet that ever sang. There was no sincerer mourner at the bier of AMOS CUMMINGS than his faithful and intimate friend, Superintendent Smith.

What a wonderful and varied career this lovable man had! Son of a Presbyterian preacher, he was the child of the manse. While a mere boy he served under Walker in Nicaragua. Congress voted him a gold medal for heroic conduct on the awful field of Fredericksburg. He boasted that he had set type in every State in the Union. He became the editor of a great paper. He was the bosom friend of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. He died one of the most popular men in public life, mourned by a mighty nation. "He went about doing good;" and little children cried in the streets when they heard that he was dead.

The consuming passion of this man's soul was a noble love of country. He fought for her in his young manhood and periled his life that the Republic might live. In his

mature years he gave her the full measure of his devotion as a legislator. He died, as no doubt he wished to die, in the service, with the harness on his back. Typesetter, filibuster, soldier, editor, statesman—in all his vocations and avocations he followed the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

No truer friend, no nobler man, no intenser patriot ever lived or died.

One can not think of AMOS CUMMINGS without recalling Leigh Hunt's famous poem:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And with a voice made all of sweet accord
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord,"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great-awakening light
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd.
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAYTON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

MR. SPEAKER: The simplest words convey the truest tribute. We knew AMOS J. CUMMINGS, and, having known him, we loved him in life and cherish his memory now that he has gone hence.

If any shall ask why this is so, we have many reasons to give. Above all, because "he was true to himself, and it therefore follows, as night the day, that he was not untrue to any man."

He sought never to sail under false colors, never to "assume an unwonted dignity," never to be greater than he was, never, on the other hand, "in mean humility" to be less. He had executed, to a degree at least, the old Greek philosopher's command, "Know thyself," and thereby had acquired the touchstone of human wisdom.

He did naught to extenuate his faults, nor did he magnify his virtues. Wherever he was—at the printer's case, in the tented field, in this House, or in the presence of royalty—he was always AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

He envied no man his rank, his honors, his station in life; he trusted himself to hew out his own. He denied to no man the exercise of his judgment and the right to express his own opinion; he suffered no man to prevent him from exercising his own judgment and expressing his own opinion. Then, too, he thought broadly, deeply, kindly of the problems of human life.

In the mad rush for wealth he did not join, because I am

persuaded he early in life realized that there was more in human heart than human gold. He never sought the rôle of reformer, because he perceived that the world's standard of morality was not made nor could it be changed in a day. Yet he was tender and true, and in perfect accord with great humanity's longing for a broader, freer, nobler, and more generous life. They tell us touching stories, now that he has gone, of his goodly deeds of charity, but, verily, "he did not his alms before men to be seen of them, and, behold, all things are clean unto him."

He was not alone generous in material things, he was generous in mind and soul. He loathed injustice, and stood the ready champion of the lowliest victim of oppression and wrong.

Coming from the great middle class, the bone and sinew of our race, he never lost touch with its environment, and thus it is that so many of the army of toilers stood by him, trusted him, loved him.

In labor's lodge, in soldier's post, in this House, he was brother and comrade.

Again, he was fair. Strong in his convictions, earnest in his zeal, plain and outspoken, partisan at times, he was always just, and no man would more quickly admit his error. Surely no one can charge him with ever indulging impotent opposition, with "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," so much indulged in this weary world. He never talked here for the mere sake of hearing himself talk, but when occasion demanded plain words he never shrank from uttering them.

Of his long record of service to his country as journalist, soldier, citizen, statesman, others here can and will speak with eloquence I can not command.

Mine is a simple tribute to the memory, to the personal character, to the worth of one with whom I walked side by side for seven years in the discharge of like public duty, involving hard, exacting toil, the extent of which is little understood, but in

which he neither flinched nor failed. One with whom I often disagreed yet never doubted; with whom I spent long hours in both work and recreation and never found either dull or disagreeable; one, in short, who, as the years went by, made stronger and stronger claim to full entrance into the very limited circle of friends that one will find true in life and who he can "grapple with links of steel."

It is the destiny of life that in its mad rush from time to eternity we meet, we greet, we dismiss each other like—

Ships that pass in the night
And hail each other in passing.

We come, we go. We indulge the hopes, the desires, the loves, the ambitions of life, and we suffer its passions, its mortifications, and its defeats.

At last we die, and those remaining neither pause, nor, in most cases, either know or care to know of our departure.

Think in this batter'd caravanseraï
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his pomp
Abode his destin'd hour and went his way.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
As buried once, men want dug up again.

It is the irony of fate, the destiny of life, yet some few there are so near to us that we would not have them go; gone, would call them back; whose departure we do not forget. We still "miss the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still."

To some of us AMOS J. CUMMINGS was of this number. There is an impenetrable mist that now shuts his face from us. We see him no longer in these Halls. We miss him from the old familiar seat on the middle aisle; he comes no longer to the committee room.

He faced death's cloud veil unflinching, calm, and brave, and stepped through it to the beyond. May we not hope that after we, too, have penetrated that veil, that somewhere in the halls of eternity, somewhere in God's committee rooms, we shall meet him face to face, hear the old familiar greeting, and strike glad hands with him again?

ADDRESS OF MR. GOLDFOGLE, OF NEW YORK.

MR. SPEAKER: On this sad occasion, when the chosen representatives of a great people and a mighty nation are assembled in this historic Chamber to fitly honor the memory and appropriately pronounce their eulogies on the life and character of the distinguished dead, I deem it a privilege to pay my humble tribute of profound respect to the memory of our late colleague, AMOS J. CUMMINGS. It was my pleasure to know him for many years, and the mournful news of his "untimely taking off" came to me with feelings of deepest sorrow, for in his departure I lost a true and valued friend.

The grief that followed the announcement of his death was not the sad possession of his colleagues, his many friends, and devoted constituency alone; it was felt by the people in general of the metropolis he so worthily represented in Congress for many years—the city of New York. Nay, more, when the news of his death was flashed over the wires and heralded through the columns of the press, the entire country felt and recognized the great loss it had sustained, and in many of the cities and towns throughout the land there was universal mourning. Few public men were more widely or better known throughout the Republic than AMOS J. CUMMINGS. None were more highly esteemed. He had traveled extensively and spoken on public questions in every section of this country.

Few men had a larger circle of personal friends than he. He was universally beloved, because he was essentially a man of the people, not in the sense alone in which that phrase is used to indicate the elected representative of a community, but in the broad sense of indicating that his acts were directed toward

the welfare of the state, the happiness of his fellow-creature, the betterment of the conditions of his fellow-man. His voice was potentially uplifted and the masterly pen he wielded with so much power was employed in the cause of human liberty and equality. At all times and in all places he stood for the rights of the masses of the people against the classes who sought special privileges for the few at the expense of the many. He never hesitated to espouse the cause of the weak and oppressed when they needed protection against the strong and the unjust. Ever remembering his early struggles in life, he generously assisted those who needed and deserved the helping hand, and kept in close touch with the men whose labor and industry contribute to the upbuilding of the Republic.

He was a sincere champion of organized labor, and, looking at the labor problem from an economic standpoint, believed, as did one of our great statesmen of former days: "Taxation reaches down to the base; but the base is labor, and labor pays all." There was but one nobility he respected and recognized—the nobility of labor and of character. His heart was touched at the story of every woe, and beat with the best impulses of a pure and noble nature. No wonder, then, that our dear friend AMOS, as we familiarly called him, became enshrined in the affections of the people.

His career furnishes the most beautiful and touching lesson to the youth of America. The history of his life exemplifies in the strongest degree that in this God-blessed "land of opportunity," however lowly or humble one's origin may be, he may rise to the highest rank and attain the most exalted station. But it can only be by honest industry, earnest study, and patient toil.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Mr. CUMMINGS's life was both eventful and interesting. His education was mainly self-acquired. He had the mind of a genius. He had marvelous capacity for learning and power of absorption of all he read. Few men excelled him in the extent and variety of his reading, and he acquired through his industrious study a knowledge of the classics. His was another case which furnishes justification for the remark of Wendell Phillips: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living."

At the early age of 12 years, after leaving school, young CUMMINGS entered a printing office as an apprentice. Hardly had he learned his trade when, filled with love of martial adventure, he joined the Walker filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, and returning from that entered the service of the Army in defense of the Union. In this, as in all other fields of activity, he became distinguished. He was a brave and gallant soldier. A heart burning with intense patriotism led him to the field, and devotion to the cause of the Republic founded on the eternal and immutable principles of right and justice led him on to deeds of bravery and heroism. He became sergeant-major in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Regiment of Infantry, in the Second Division, Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and his bravery gained for him the Congressional medal of honor for gallantry on the battlefield.

He followed up the occupation of compositor until he secured editorial positions on the New York Tribune, the New York Sun, and New York Express. No man but one whose merits deserved it and whose learning was broad and deep could fill such a position on these great and splendidly edited newspapers.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS had acquired this learning—nature had gifted him with great mentality. His literary tastes and accomplishments fitted him for the editor's chair, and he became the

editor of that great and enterprising newspaper, the Evening Sun. He was a journalist of high order, and his fame in the line of literary work became widespread through the United States. I remember the series of most interesting letters Mr. CUMMINGS wrote for the Sun descriptive of his travels through the South, attracting the attention of readers everywhere.

Without knowing the life history of this man one could hardly believe, as he read the articles and literary productions of this noted and brilliant journalist, filled with wisdom and scintillating with wit, that the writer had not received his education in some of the colleges or universities of the land. Indeed, our friend AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of the intellectual giants of modern journalism.

Fully equipped by nature, by training, and by education to enter upon the higher duties of public life, he was chosen a member of the Fiftieth Congress and elected seven times a member of this House. Here over fourteen years he served the country with honor, credit, and marked distinction. He was fully versed in the science of politics—the politics which in the higher sense means the shaping of governmental policies and by wise and sagacious legislation planning for the future destiny and the perpetuation and maintenance of our free and glorious American institutions. He was a statesman, with an eye solely and singly for the public weal.

A thorough believer in the doctrines taught by Thomas Jefferson, a consistent believer in the necessity to preserve simplicity in our institutions, an earnest advocate for the broadest and greatest amount of personal liberty for the citizen consistent with public safety, an opponent of burdensome and unnecessary taxation of the people, a foe of combinations of men and corporate interests who seek through evasion of law and improper control of public franchises and by special privi-

leges to monopolize commerce, "the calm health of nations," and crush out the average trader and middleman, a believer that our liberties can be best preserved, our citizens' rights best conserved, and our sovereign prerogatives best maintained by a firm adherence to the letter and spirit of our Constitution and an observance of the restrictions and limitations it imposes—AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a consistent and loyal adherent of his party.

Of his public services in this House during the many years he graced this Chamber by his presence I shall not speak in detail. Those of my seniors in service in this House have eloquently spoken of them and covered that chapter of Mr. CUMMINGS'S Congressional career. He was painstaking in his work, brilliant and logical in debate, broad and liberal in his views, strong of opinion and conviction, but always genial and courteous to his colleagues. His death leaves a void which can not well be filled. His long public career was one of great usefulness to the people and the nation, for he was a strong arm in the power of the State.

He so lived his life that he had few, if any, enemies. Perhaps it is too much to say that he never had any, for that is not the happy lot of any public man.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows,
The man that makes a character, makes foes.

But they were not personal ones. They could not be. The very nature, the very make-up, of AMOS J. CUMMINGS precluded that. His amiable disposition, his affability, his gentleness, his modesty, and generous impulses were gifts of nature which neither art could create nor training bestow.

He had a rare fund of humor, and as a delightful story-teller he was unrivaled and unexcelled. His great desire was to make his friends and companions happy, and the good nature

he carried into every walk of life made his company sought in every circle. Ever engaged in "sowing seeds of kindness" he discovered in life how true it is, as Basil says:

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally begets reward.

When at last the severe labors of his life had taxed his energies to the utmost and the icy hand of Death touched "its shining mark," there was indeed gloom within this Chamber, and the city from which he hailed mourned as it seldom mourns the loss of any public man. A great man had fallen—his death was the nation's loss.

It was an inspiring and affecting sight, which moved the stoutest heart to tears, to observe at the funeral of our friend CUMMINGS the hundreds and hundreds of letter carriers clad in their suits of gray, their faces betokening unfeigned sorrow, their eyes bedimmed with tears, passing in solemn procession around the bier of one who had faithfully espoused their cause in the National Legislature. With a pathos of feeling that beggars description they were paying their debt of gratitude to their departed friend. And oh, how those associates of CUMMINGS, the members of Typographical Union No. 6—that great organization of typesetters he loved so well, whose card of membership he carried to the last hour of his life—mingled their tears and breathed their sighs with those of other mourners.

It was this union to which AMOS J. CUMMINGS was so attached who honored the memory of their comrade—the man who to them was an inspiration and a light—as they never before honored one of their departed. It was the tribute of grateful, loving hearts, and as we saw the thousands of old and young, men, women, and children, sadly passing

around the coffin taking their last yet lingering look at their departed friend, there can be no doubt that—

The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame
Than shedding seas of gore.

His death again conveys the too oft forgotten lesson of the uncertainty of life. How inscrutable is the problem of death! It comes sudden and unawares, respecting no time nor person. It holds no time so sacred or precious, no mortal so great or powerful, that it does not make its grim approach.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Who can divine how suddenly he may be called away by "that stern reaper, who gathereth all in whenever in his wisdom he may appoint." Exhaustive mental labor may long overstrain and at last unexpectedly break the cords of life. But if we live, as did AMOS J. CUMMINGS, an upright and an honest life, filled with good and kindly deeds; if when the remorseless messenger summons us to the great white throne on high we are prepared to say "His will be done, not ours," we may add those beautiful words of the poet:

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

ADDRESS OF MR. LESSLER, OF NEW YORK.

MR. SPEAKER: It was my privilege—and after what we have listened to to-day it can well be imagined I am proud of it—to have Mr. CUMMINGS as one of my constituents; and it not having been my good fortune to know him in all these phases in which he has been depicted here to-day, I wish to strike a little note in regard to my first meeting with him.

During the campaign in my district last December, while this House was not in session, Mr. CUMMINGS came to lecture in that district. He gave one of his witty lectures, this one, strangely, on the House of Representatives, to one of the clubs of young men there. I was presented to him. It almost touched me to observe how carefully he avoided any reference to the political contest which we were then engaged in; how kindly he was in his encouragement, without the slightest allusion of the political aspect. It was to me a rare treat to feel that a man could be so tactful, so amiable about such a thing to one who was on the opposite side in the political fight.

And then some of you may remember his gracious act in this Hall on the 15th of January of this year, when I stood before the Speaker to take the oath of office and when Mr. CUMMINGS, with a Republican colleague, stepped to my side. Both these incidents impressed me as especially tactful and graceful. They were but illustrations, as I am told, of that grace and tact, of that loving nature, which made him so much beloved in this House.

In thinking over what should be said here to-day I have

searched through the Record to see what particular thing might be found to which in this day of specialism Mr. CUMMINGS had particularly devoted himself; and I have found a most remarkable variety in the subjects he had touched on the floor of this House and always illumined—labor, pensions, the Army, the Navy, special interests of all kinds. He was always, it seemed to me from this testimony of the cold print, alive to everything that was going on here.

For instance, it seems that on the 3d of February, 1893, some member in debate had made a remark about the Record which did not suit Mr. CUMMINGS, because it appeared to him to do injustice. Keenly alive to the fact that men of his craft were night after night working on that Record, and knowing all about the work, he made a little speech in eulogy of the printer's craft and in vindication of the men who were toiling in that vocation. Even in this unpremeditated way Mr. CUMMINGS came at once to the rescue.

Viewing his character from an outside standpoint, I should say that courage was its predominant note. A reference has been made here to his medal of honor; but he had a civic courage, manifested as well in the city where we both lived as on the floor of this House.

In his great speech on Cuba, he said :

Whenever the safety of the nation is at stake or any great purpose is to be accomplished by war, party lines should vanish and politics be suspended.

Those words are from his speech of April 28, 1898. And, by the way, it seems to me a pity that that speech on Cuba should not be rescued from the pages of the Congressional Record and published broadcast. It was prepared after a trip in Cuba; and it is an intense, vibrant life picture of the conditions as he saw them. It is animated by earnest feeling for humanity suffering under Spanish misrule. The whole speech

shows his splendid insight, his knowledge of men and measures. It is perhaps the finest survey, within its limits and compass, of the recent history of the Spanish rule (or, better misrule) antedating the war.

On the 22d of January, 1902, Mr. CUMMINGS said in the debate:

If I fail to vote to protect the lives of American soldiers in the service of the American Republic, I hope I shall be paralyzed.

When Mr. CUMMINGS uttered those words I was thrilled through with the terrible import that he threw into them, and the great significance they had as they came at the close of that memorable day.

The next day, when explaining to the House under what circumstances that little speech had been made upon the spur of the moment, he remarked:

I made the reply on the spur of the moment, and when I reflect on it I glory in it. I have seen the sad faces of the American mothers whose sons were the victims of these miasmatic fevers; I have seen their tears and heard their moans. I would be untrue to every drop of blood in my body if I refused to respond to such an appeal for the protection of soldiers in the service of the Republic. It was an appeal on behalf of American women, whose sons are still fighting the battles of the Republic in these islands. I would blacken the Revolutionary blood coursing in my veins if I stabbed these American mothers to the heart by refusing to vote for this appropriation for the shelter and protection of their sons.

Again, in the same speech, he said:

Rather than change it, I would have it inscribed in letters of gold where it could be seen by every man in the country. There can be no politics in questions where the lives of American soldiers are at stake. I always have and always shall vote to protect the lives of the men who are fighting the battles of the Republic, whether they are baring their breasts to the bullets of the enemy or whether they are encamped in swamps, exposed to the more insidious and more deadly danger of fever and pestilence.

That language was an ebullition of patriotism—keen, high-minded, deep-souled patriotism. I am proud of the fact that the great city of New York, the Empire City, honored itself by sending here such a man, with such a record, with such

sentiments and ready to speak them out, with such a work behind him—a man leaving such memories as have been spoken of here to-day.

If I were to write an epitaph on AMOS J. CUMMINGS, I would put it in the words of the old Greek philosopher and would place it in letters of gold upon the monument of our deceased colleague. Aristotle, in his *Politics*, says:

There are three qualifications which ought to be possessed by a man who aspires to fill the high office of state. First, he must be well disposed and prepared to support the established constitution of the country; next, he ought to have a special aptitude for the office which he filled; and last, he should have the kind of virtue and love of justice which suits the particular state in which he lives.

May I not say it fitted the man, that it epitomized his career, and may we not feel proud indeed of such a life, and may we not hope it to be an inspiration to the young men of this country that on such a day like this, devoted to the speeches in memory of him, may be the proudest reward he has had, because that is all the reward we can give and fittingly all that a republic gives.

ADDRESS OF MR HOOKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

MR. SPEAKER: Laboring as I am under a very severe cold, it was not my purpose when I entered the Chamber to speak on this occasion. But as a member of this House when my friend AMOS J. CUMMINGS was first elected to the Congress of the United States, and as one of those who welcomed him when there were giants on this floor on that side of the House and on this, so that when he landed in this arena of debate fresh from the bosom of the people that he represented, succeeding one of the ablest men that ever spoke in this Hall for the great Empire State of New York, a brilliant orator, a splendid wit, who often won admiration on both sides of this Chamber, Samuel S. Cox, I did not feel that I could be properly entirely silent. I felt that it was my duty as one of the oldest members of the House to pay my very humble tribute of praise to one who has been my friend from the time he first entered Congress until he finally passed away.

It was my pleasure to know him well and witness personally his long service in Congress, to hear him on all occasions, and to stand side by side with the members of this House on either side and listen to the words of wisdom which fell in earnest and patriotic utterances from his lips in behalf of those whom he served so long and well.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a very remarkable man. He was a man of strong convictions, of earnest and patriotic feeling. He was a man who never failed to speak his sentiments, whatever they might be, and occasionally he had the manly courage, when he thought duty demanded it and patriotism required it,

to sever his connection with his colleagues on this side of the Chamber and to vote according to his convictions of what was right.

Mr. Speaker, in the last speech he made in this House, only a short time before his death, he stood just on the margin of the Democratic side of the Chamber and gave utterance to the sentiment of protecting the soldiers on the other side of the globe—not that he would have placed them there, not that he would have sent them there, but as they were American soldiers, enlisted in the American Army, fighting under the American flag, he would cast no vote against a proposition to send them all the aid and all the comforts that they needed. He was emphatically a Democrat, devoted to the party and its principles and its interests, but he was a humane American citizen, and he could not bear the idea of casting his vote against the proposition to send aid to the American soldier, wherever he might be, struggling under the American flag and in the cause of American patriotism.

It has been said, Mr. Speaker, by that great poet of nature whose magic wand swept across the chords of the human heart and awoke sentiments with reference to every emotion that that heart undergoes from the cradle to the grave—it was said by that great poet:

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

But to a brave man like AMOS J. CUMMINGS that sentiment did not apply. A brave man dies but once, a coward dies daily.

He was a brave man, and when I came to Washington last summer, about this time of year, I learned that my old friend was here; that he was lying in his chambers in this city, then a very ill man.

I went to him to express my sympathy, to express words of comfort to him as a sick man. It was then about the 1st of July, one year ago. I saw then the probability was that he would never again be a well man. I was on my way to the city that he represented with such ability and such power in this House as the delegate of one of its Congressional districts. I said to him: "I fear you will not be able to go to New York on the Fourth of July." Said he: "Yes; I am going. When do you go?" I told him that I was going on the 3d of July, and so I did. He asked me what route I would travel. I told him. He then told me that going by that route I would land at the foot of Liberty street. I did land at the foot of Liberty street late in the evening, about dusk, and, to my profound astonishment, I saw AMOS J. CUMMINGS, my old friend, on his crutches, with his doctor standing by his side. I said to him, with the familiarity of that friendship which had existed between us for so many years: "Amos, why in the world did you come here to meet me?" He replied: "I came because I knew you were coming, and I wanted you to be met and escorted to your hotel. I came myself, and I know it is done."

He put me in the carriage, and we drove to the hotel where he had provided accommodations for me. The next morning when I awoke in the apartments provided for me at his instance—I did not know to what hotel I had been taken—I looked out, to my astonishment, upon a beautiful grove. I said to myself: "This is a singular sight in the heart of the great city of New York. Is it possible that I am dreaming, and am again back looking at the native forests of my own State of Mississippi?" When the servant came I ascertained that I had been taken to the Savoy Hotel, belonging in large part to my old friend Judge Dugrow, now one of the most distinguished members of the highest appellate court in the city of New York, and I was looking out on the great Central Park

of New York. On the next day I met Mr. CUMMINGS at Tammany Hall. I there heard his magnificent address, as I have heard many of his speeches here, and he spoke there with the same patriotic ardor I had been accustomed to hear him here.

It was my pleasure to be his companion and friend here for many long years, and I mourn his loss in common with the people whose immediate Representative he was. He was distinguished on this floor as the friend of all the members of the various Houses in which he participated as a member, without distinction of party, from the first Congress in which he appeared, the Fiftieth, down to the time of his death. He was emphatically a man of the people, living with the people, speaking for the people, representing the people. He was a just and true man in every sense. He was a patriot in the broadest and largest sense. He was a Democrat in the most enlarged and comprehensive meaning of that word. That he was a just and true man will be acknowledged by everybody who served here with him. Indeed he rose to the standard described by the great Latin poet when he was endeavoring to depict, in the closing days of the Roman Empire, the life and character of one of the greatest orators of the Roman Empire, and said of him that he was—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non voluit instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

There was no condition of life in which he was not equal to the emergency, because he was of the bravery of that Roman so beautifully described by the ancient poet. And though I did not, Mr. Speaker, expect to say a word on this occasion, I have felt that, even though suffering as I do under a severe cold, it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to

pay my tribute to the honorable friend with whom I sat in this Chamber for so many years and whom I learned to love as a brother.

How we shall all miss those weekly letters in the Washington Post, giving pen pictures of all the members of the House, from our Speaker to the last name on the roll, including members on both sides, and written in such a lofty spirit of justice and truth and kind-heartedness

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

MAY 3, 1902.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *May 3, 1902.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved (in recognition of the long and distinguished term of service rendered in this body by Mr. CUMMINGS), That appropriate services be held in the Hall of the House on Sunday, May 4, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order concerning the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. McClellan, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Ray, of New York; Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Young, Mr. Clark, Mr. Foss, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi; Mr. McCleary, Mr. Tate, and Mr. Otey as members of the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. DEWEY. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from New York offers resolutions, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from New York.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER, under the second resolution, appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Platt, of New York; Mr. Kean, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Jones, of Arkansas; and Mr. Bailey.

Mr. DEWEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 48 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, May 5, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 13, 1903.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE
CUMMINGS.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I wish to announce that to-morrow afternoon, after the other eulogies of deceased members of the other House, I shall offer resolutions in commemoration of the life and character of my late colleague in the House of Representatives, AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives in commemoration of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York, be now laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions referred to by the Senator from New York, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *June 29, 1902.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from New York will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That Senators be permitted to print remarks upon the life and character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. DEPEW, OF NEW YORK.

MR. PRESIDENT: There are many of both parties who knew AMOS J. CUMMINGS and loved him who would have joined in this tribute had not the lateness of the session and the pressure of business made it impossible for them to secure the time to do so; but I could not let this session adjourn without having entered in imperishable memorial upon the Journal of the Senate a minute of respect for one of the best men who ever served in the House of Representatives—a man of singular career and of most varied experiences, one of those original geniuses who seldom make a success, and therefore the success of one of them is all the more remarkable and commendable.

There are very few Americans who never, at any period in their lives, had a desire to accumulate a fortune, but AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of them. He seemed to be, during all his active career, a child of impulse and of circumstance. He acted many parts, but such was his genius, his power of concentration, and his ability, that in each part he forged to the front and made himself conspicuous. A brief review of what he did will exhibit these peculiarities.

His father and his grandfather were both clergymen. He was brought up and had the training which comes in the home of a village pastor, and yet so restless was his spirit that it could not brook the restraints of home or of school and he became an apprentice in the composing room of a newspaper.

As soon as he had learned his trade the roving spirit would no longer let him remain at home, and it was one of the recollections of his life that he had set type in every State in the

Union. This gave him, long before he came of age, a wonderful knowledge of the country and a remarkable acquaintance with the people of the different States of the Republic.

Happening to be at Mobile when General Walker started upon his expedition for the conquest of Nicaragua, this restless spirit was at once captured by the adventurer and the adventure. We shall never know whether Walker was a buccaneer, a pirate, a patriot, or what. We only know he started with 61 men to capture the friendly Republic of Nicaragua.

It is one of the evidences of the enormous advance of this country in a recognition of international rights and of how far an American citizen can go in violation of those rights that the expedition of Walker, widely advertised, the recruiting known at Washington and everywhere else, was permitted to start for the purpose of making an assault upon the integrity and independence of a friendly power. That could not happen to-day under any conditions. It would be suppressed at once. The expedition ended, of course, at last in disaster. But in it were a multitude of extraordinary experiences which would form a romance if AMOS CUMMINGS had ever had the time to write of them.

When he came back to New York he entered the composing room of the New York Tribune. In a short time he had attracted the personal attention of Horace Greeley, who advanced him to a position on the editorial staff, and he finally became managing editor.

Then he fell again into the editorial line as the managing editor of the New York Sun, under Charles A. Dana. When the mob threatened to wreck the Tribune building in the draft riots of 1863, it would have done so had it not been for CUMMINGS. The remarkable facility of this man to adapt himself to all circumstances captured and dispersed that crowd of raving lunatics.

Then he joined the Army during the civil war as a soldier in a New Jersey regiment. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when his battery had been taken and the regiment was on the run, he seized from the dying color bearer the colors, and rushing back with them alone shamed the regiment, so that they followed him and recaptured the battery, for which he received the thanks of Congress and a medal, which was the ornament of all others that he best loved during the whole of his life.

He became not only facile with the pen, but developed as a speaker and turned to the platform; his party wanted him in its campaigns; the dinner tables of the metropolis found that he was a charming addition to the after-dinner speaking.

Here you have this varied career. He entered Congress; he was there for fifteen years, and he so impressed himself upon his associates that he received the extraordinary honor, but very few times granted, of being awarded a public funeral on the floor of the House.

It was my good fortune to know CUMMINGS from his early beginnings down to the day of his death. I often wonder what are the influences and environments that most make up a character or shape a career. CUMMINGS never had any settled purpose for any career, but he just dropped into his ideal of the hour and then marched on with it and its adherents so long as he felt that his line of duty was just there.

The wonder is that this roving young printer, under 16 years of age, falling into all sorts of associations everywhere, this youth of 17, a comrade with those wild adventurers who were without character, without any regard for law, international or national, or morality, or anything else, as were his associates in the Walker expedition; going through the civil war while still so young—that in all of these associations

and all of these temptations the real fiber of manhood, which was the heredity of two generations of clergymen, left him at the end untouched by any of the temptations which must have surrounded a young man under such circumstances.

The character and career of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was not formed in the parsonage, nor in the composing room, nor in the associations with his friends, the printers, nor with the adventurers in Nicaragua, nor with his comrades in the Army. They were built by the overmastering influence of two men of extraordinary genius, whom he worshiped—one Horace Greeley, the other Charles A. Dana.

No proper appreciation of the life and services, of the ability and character of Horace Greeley has ever been written. There was a time, and at that time CUMMINGS was with him, when there came every day from the Tribune office a newspaper with editorials written by that pen which influenced the judgment of millions, which controlled the action of parties, and dominated the legislation of the country.

The most guileless man I ever knew, the most simple, the most credulous, the most unworldly, and yet with a pen in his hand the strongest and wisest, was Horace Greeley. One can imagine the influence of such a character upon such an impressionable youth and of such a make-up as AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

I have seen many a deathbed in my life; I have witnessed life go out under conditions that were sad or sweet, hopeful or despairing. I never but once saw a man die of a broken heart, and never do I wish to see such a tragedy again.

I made a speech with Mr. Greeley in his Presidential campaign, just before its close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to be beaten. We returned to his home, and he was jeered on the train and at the depot

when we arrived. We went into his study which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life.

Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then he said: "My life is a failure; I never have sought to accumulate fortune; I never have cared for fame; but I did want to leave a monument of what I had done for my fellow-men, in lifting them up, in doing away with the curse of slavery and the curse of rum; but here I am at the close of this campaign so misrepresented to my countrymen that the slave will always look upon me as having been one of his owners, and reform will believe me a fraud." Then, his head falling upon his desk, he burst into uncontrollable sobs. I sent for his family. The brain that had done such splendid work snapped. The next morning he was taken to an asylum, where he died. His heart literally broke at the moment when he bowed his head upon his desk.

Another man who subsequently had influence on the life and in molding the work and character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana was of an entirely different type from Horace Greeley, a man of large and broad culture, of wide reading and extensive travel, of experience in literature and in the world—a man of the world, familiar with the public men of all nations and of the great writers of all countries and of all times—not only an editor, but himself a writer of eminence in other walks of literature. He possessed the quality beyond any newspaper man I have ever known of compressing in a sentence an article which filled a column; of putting in one paragraph a thought which, expanded by others, would have been dissipated by its length; but in a paragraph it became the quotable truth for every newspaper in the country, and was

often reproduced as a condensed expression in the platform of a party.

Through the whole of AMOS J. CUMMINGS's subsequent career we see the influence of these two great men, about whom he was always talking and who were his idols. The tremendous, rushing, resistless Niagara forces of Horace Greeley were in the impulses which moved him; but at the same time in the articles that came from his pen you could see the results of the criticism and teaching which he received while he was editor of the *Sun* from his master, Charles A. Dana.

Mr. CUMMINGS became a member of the House of Representatives at that moment when there seemed to have come like an inspiration, and almost in an hour, the idea to the people of the United States and to Congress that we must have a powerful Navy. It had been seen by American statesmen for a generation that such a Navy must be built, but the spirit of economy had resisted it always as unnecessary because of the strength of our isolation. But the first year that CUMMINGS was in Congress this idea suddenly and almost as an electric spark permeated the whole Republic. It caught at once upon a mind which had been trained and a life which had been led as had that of our friend. He secured a position upon the Naval Committee. He was during most of his career in the party of the opposition, and yet the Navy, as it is to-day, owes much to the consistent, persistent, able, and patriotic support of this Representative from New York.

He had one other aim, one other absorption, and that was with him always. He became a member early in life of the Typographical Union. I have been, from my occupation and associations, necessarily a student of and brought into intimate contact with labor organizations. One of the best labor

organizations in the world, full of beneficence, commanding the respect of everybody, and doing infinite good for its own members, is the one with which I was most closely brought in contact for many years as president of the New York Central Railway Company—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Alongside of them is the Typographical Union, of whom I have had much knowledge, though not business relations.

As a member, a lecturer, and an associate in this body, CUMMINGS became familiar with the ideas underlying labor unions, with the best purposes which they had, and with that which was best which could be accomplished by voluntary efforts, or which should be enacted into legislation. Much of the legislation on the statute books of the United States for the last fifteen years in behalf of labor owes its position there to the intelligent efforts of this labor man and exponent, in its best and highest sense, of labor.

Mr. CUMMINGS cultivated the faculty—which very few hard-working men possess—of always having plenty of time for anything. Plenty of time for play, for excursions, for social enjoyment with those he loved and who loved him, plenty of time to appear at the banquet hall where the occasion was patriotic or purely social, or for the advancement of some special purpose, and plenty of time to deliver an address, which was in the next day's paper one of the features of the evening. He could do beyond most men I have ever met that most difficult task of amusing a crowd which is assembled under such conditions late in the evening, and at the same time through the fun, joke, and story of weaving a thread of pregnant truths which left an impress which did not die with the flowers of the feast.

In standing beside the open grave of a friend one thought often occurs to me in later years, and that is: What does the

world owe this man and how much of the debt has he collected? The world owes to every man a living, providing he has the industry and determination to collect it. The world owes to every man more pleasure than pain; more good than bad; more gain than loss; more happiness than sorrow; more success than failure; more love than hate; more friends than enemies; but it rests with the man himself whether he collects that debt, for the world holds hard fast to the good things which it possesses and lets free the bad; and it is only by labor and energy, only by determination and character, that the debt which the world owes to everyone is collected. But as I stood beside the bier of my old friend, AMOS J. CUMMINGS, as I looked over his life as a printer, an editor, an author, a soldier, and a statesman, and then contemplated his inner life in his home and among his friends, I felt that in his sixty-one years of varied activities he had collected the debt which the world owed him; that he had to his account a large credit of fame, of good wishes, and of loving regrets, and that he found a large credit to his account in the great book of life when he joined the majority.

ADDRESS OF MR. PLATT, OF NEW YORK.

MR. PRESIDENT: My voice has never been heard on this floor in eulogium of the dead; but the life of our departed friend, HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, exhibits so much of interest, and he was withal so universally beloved and respected, not only by his friends and associates, but as well by those opposed to him politically, that I can not refrain from availing myself of this opportunity of paying a simple tribute of respect to his memory and expressing admiration of his superior qualities.

Mr. President, the man who, in the face of poverty and all that is implied in that inexorable term, carves out for himself in the short span of sixty-one years so distinctive a position in the national view as that attained by Mr. CUMMINGS, deserves the highest tributes that tongues can paint or imaginations can conceive. He left the priceless legacy of a good name, an enviable record of achievement, a wealth of good deeds happily and efficiently accomplished; and for me to recur to them briefly to-day can add but slight emphasis to their immortal effect upon human kind.

Others upon this floor and in the coordinate branch of this national legislative body have recited the record of this man in terms specific and appropriate, so that it becomes unnecessary for me to indulge in repetition, but I do desire on this occasion to touch upon those pronounced characteristics which stood out in his personality like promontories upon a rocky shore.

Mr. CUMMINGS throughout his life was a fighter. His was the typical struggle for existence. From his boyhood he fought through the conditions which obstruct material advancement, through wars, through political campaigns, through

legislative contests, until the mortal combat in which he was finally worsted, only to eventually win the trophy of a lease upon the life eternal, equipped by the rich experience of a life here well spent. He fought with Walker in Nicaragua. He fought in the civil war in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Regiment, of which he became, through conscientious and valorous service, its sergeant-major, and at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, for exceptional gallantry, in which he braved a storm of bullets as he has since braved storms of ballots, he received a medal of honor and the thanks of Congress.

He fought his way into prominence in the field of journalism until, having attracted the attention of Mr. Greeley, he was placed in charge of the New York Weekly Tribune, and later became the managing editor of the New York Evening Sun. He fought through many a term in Congress and conducted his defensive and offensive campaigns in the House of Representatives with a vigor, a fairness, and a sweetness of temper that inspired the admiration and respect of all his colleagues. It is a rare quality, Mr. President, which admits of a man engaging in desperate political and legislative combat and emerging with clean hands and a serene temper. It is a quality that stands out conspicuously in his life career. He was, moreover, a large man in his aggressiveness. Many a time has his strong battle-ax been wielded against his political associates when his consistent mind placed him at honest variance with their views, but in none of his contests did he inspire enmity; his attitude invariably bespoke respect.

And then, Mr. President, he was a lover. He loved his family, his friends, and, in fact, all humanity, with an ardor seldom equaled. His career is punctuated at every stage with a record of kind deeds, glorious performances, in the interest of the weaker brother. One of his eulogizers refers touchingly

to his love for the lower orders of life—the birds, the flowers, the trees, the beauties of nature. These characteristics, Mr. President, denote the large man; the man whose love embraces not only those near to him, but extends throughout the length and breadth of the ocean of humanity, and then takes in as well all animate life, so that his emotions vibrate to the tune of the universe. He is the man, Mr. President, whose life is attuned to the divine and whose thoughts and acts ring with the music of the stars.

They tell us that he was an omnivorous reader; that he was a scholar, a *littérateur*; that his mind was stored with the good, the sublime things in classical art. This accounts for his splendid genius as a journalist, a debater, and an orator. He never touched a subject that he did not illumine. He never addressed an audience that he did not enlighten.

Consider these three qualities that I have referred to so casually to-day—the qualities of the fighter, the lover, and the cultured intellect; all wrought out by his indomitable will and aggression. Could any man be better equipped to achieve lasting results? Could any man leave a better, a more pure, a more exalted record of a life well spent?

He died after reaching the maximum of usefulness, the pinnacle of accomplishment, with the love, respect, and emulation of his fellow-men.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *May 4, 1902.*

Funeral services over the remains of AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York, were held in the Hall of the House of Representatives on Sunday, May 4, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the presence of the Members of the House and Senate.

The quartet choir of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church sang the hymn "Lead, kindly light."

The Chaplain of the House of Representatives, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou who art from everlasting to everlasting the same tender, loving Father who doeth all things well, in the hour of sorrow and sadness we turn to Thee for consolation and comfort. In the dispensation of Thy providence Thou hast taken from our midst one whom we all loved and honored for his manly and noble bearing, for his genuine worth and nobility of soul. The hand that wielded the pen with strength and ability is motionless, the eye that beamed with love upon us is closed, the heart that throbbed with affection and patriotism throbs no more, the lips that spoke with eloquence and fervor are hushed, and the places that knew him here shall know him no more. The gathering of this distinguished presence, the floral offerings from far and near, the loving tributes from lips and pen testify of his worth as a public servant and the esteem in which he was held. We thank Thee for his life and pray that his memory may be an inspiration to those who knew him and to

those who shall read of his struggles and victories. And O God our Father, we thank Thee for the precious promises of the gospel which come like angels bearing the sweet message—There is no death; it is but a transition which sweeps the soul in unbroken continuity on and on to larger life and grander achievements.

Comfort, O God, those to whom he was nearest and dearest by the blessed thought that all that was good and true and beautiful in their beloved one still lives, and will live in Thy presence forever, and may we all live with this hope to encourage and strengthen us that we faint not by the wayside, but grow continually the faculties of mind and powers of soul that we may be ready for the summons which comes alike to all, and Thine shall be the praise through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ADDRESS OF REV. WALLACE RADCLIFFE, D. D.

This life was not an accident. This death was not by chance. Every life is a purpose. Every death is a Divine idea. The eternal purpose is not intermittent or eclectic. God never sleeps, and His purpose moves on, comprehending all men and all events through all the ages. And or the distinct phases of purpose, for the individual places and works in that design, He brings forth, at the right moment and in the right way, the needed life. God knows how to shape and sharpen His own tools. And when this man was to appear, God fitted him in special ways for his special purpose and mission.

It was his in the very beginning to have place in noble and effective lineage. He was a son of the manse. His father was a Christian minister; and the manse, while often the abode of poverty and of needed denial, is also and thereby an academy

of thrift, of energy, of fine example and effective training for large manhood and successful endeavor.

Plain living and high thinking bring the great results. Luxury does not ordinarily fashion the most effective tools. The homespun clothing on the boy gives to the man the clothing of righteousness oft times. Oatmeal will give muscle for the boy and the brain for the successful man, and our history gives tribute to the log cabin, the canal boat, and the tannery for its generals and judges and statesmen.

And if to that abode of poverty we give the atmosphere of Christian living, we have ordained effectiveness and high success. The Christian home is the bulwark of the nation; and this boy, early with the Bible in his hands, used to the tones of family prayer and to all the manifold influences of the Christian church, had given to him the necessary stimulus and the ordained ministry for successful and efficient manhood.

And God brought to him also the enterprise of Nicaragua. We need not approve all its methods, whilst we recognize in that occasion the adventure, enterprise, and energy that gave fitness for the mature life.

It was also his province and high privilege to have training in all the stir and high endeavor of the civil war. That day is becoming more and more remote to us, but we will not forget it, for it brought to him, as to so many, the training and the triumph for his young manhood. It was a revelation to himself. It summoned manhood, it quickened energy, it crystallized conviction, it revealed his country to him, and laid the foundation for that patriotism so characteristic in his subsequent life, and which had its ringing utterance and high expression in his last eloquent words in this Hall.

And God gave him that which he himself acknowledged, the school of the printing office: one of the best schools, I suppose,

an American citizen and an American publicist can have. It brought revelation of public needs, of springs of action, of modes of address, of human weakness and human strength, of unusual opportunity and imperial demand, and out of these things a wide sympathy, personal power, and large charity.

God brought to him these and kindred influences, out of which He made the man for a splendid public service, who so largely, so efficiently, and with such honor moved amid the scenes of this Hall, and made his impression upon legislation and communities, and filled his name with influence and love that were so pervasive and beneficent.

This training and service reveal special characteristics. I think no one will challenge the meed of patriotism. That life was crowned with a love of country. However men might differ from him in judgment, in taste, in partisan conviction, or special legislation, I think no one would challenge his high love of country, his patriotic devotion to national interests, his loyalty to our people and our rulers, and his high ambition for the largest and best and most enduring accomplishment for the land. The day is past when men are ashamed to be called Americans. The day is past when interest in public life is to be limited to the low, the narrow, the unworthy, and when men must excuse themselves if they take official place or avow interest in public institutions. We have enlarged, we have enriched, we have come to ourselves, like the prodigal of old, and we are turning away from the husks and poverty and littleness of that cowardly, selfish spirit, and in the large place of our Father's house and Fatherland we take our place and speak our love and give our service.

And we give him not only the crown of patriotism, but of humanity. He was a man, and what concerned men concerned him. He loved life in all its expression, and energy of work

or spirit. He loved the birds. He knew their names. He liked to say that he had set type and caught fish in every State in the Union; a man of abounding life, and by his very sympathy with nature he won the sympathy of his fellow-men. Not the library, but the field, makes us fittest for service and human love. And out of this life—broad, generous, earnest, eager—he won the love of his fellow-men. I presume it is the universal testimony that men loved him. He grasped others to his own heart with hooks of steel. He was ready for their service, and therefore won service from them. His heart throbbed with the fact and the thought that he was a man. The interests of his fellow-men were common to him, and summoned him to thought and service and sacrifice. That is the power over our fellows, that is the crown of humanity, that is the argument of success; not the trained mind, not the furnished thought, not the graceful person, not the material treasure influence, but the scepter of human conviction, the crowned heart, the interest and devotion to our fellow-men, that wins and conquers and rules the world.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I do not know whether he read his Bible much in latter days, but I know from all I hear that he did act upon one of the precepts of that Word, where it declares that "he that hath friends must show himself friendly." He enjoyed his fellow-men, gave himself to them, recognized their beauty, their grace, their needs; gave them his love, and had their love for his crown. He lived a useful life. He wrought an effective work, he won high honor, just because he served his fellow-men. Only to-day I heard one say that he never denied any who asked a possible service. Through these halls, in these varied associations, in the quiet of his own

home, he gave himself to the service of his fellow-men and was successful because of his faith. He believed in himself. He believed in his fellow-men. He knew his purpose to be honest. He looked upon this man laboring, that man in poverty, upon the young man limited, and gave them his heart, his time, and his energy; he held in stewardship for his neighbor as to himself.

Very likely he was a partisan. His faith and honesty and energy would compel it. The partisan is the man who does things. The partisan is not necessarily bigoted and narrow and ignorant. The partisan is a partisan because he believes something—not necessarily to the exclusion of all other recognition; but to him there is a certain idea distinct, a certain conviction positive, a certain aim determined, and out of that a man becomes Carlyle's "man who can."

In religion and in politics the man who does not believe anything does not amount to much. The man who belongs to all the churches is not of any account in any of the churches. The man who belongs to all the parties is not to be counted among any of them.

No doubt he was a partisan, but by his very partisanship he commands our respect, and through his partisanship won his success.

And so this life has the crown of completion. "How sad," "how sorrowful," "how premature," we say one to another, as such a life is suddenly closed. Not so. Every man is immortal till his work is done. No disease, no accident, no human conditions can interfere with the Divine thought, or retard for one moment the eternal purpose in its accomplishment for any life or through any life.

This man completed his life. His mission was ended, his service rounded, so far as this world and human legislation are

concerned. It is complete. No broken columns, no incomplete wreaths! I tell you there are no broken columns in the divine temple. There are no lives incomplete, and your life and mine answer their purpose and do their work, and are complete pillars for some definite idea, for some eternal purpose. And yet complete only for to-day. We gather in sorrow for the friend whom we lose. His place will be vacant and his voice stilled; we talk sadly to one another of death, of broken friendship and disappointed purpose. We need, perhaps, its warning suggestion and stimulus. You will remember the story of old, where Saladin entertained Richard the Lionhearted, and at the great banquet, with its grand display and high sounds of ecstatic, jubilant music, of bravery and brilliant conquests, a lance bore a shroud over the table in sight of all, carrying the words "Saladin, king of kings; Saladin, victor of victors; Saladin must die."

Nay; Saladin must live. Death is only an incident—a little break in the onward course of the life that is already eternal as the years of God. The supreme question is not of our dying, but of our living. The imperative demand is the yield of this present life for the fullness or emptiness of that coming life. We come into this life with our hands closed, intending to grasp, to get what we can, and we leave this life with our hands open—everything is dropped. But only from the hands. We come into this life with our hearts empty. We leave with them filled, and the problem is, out of training, out of preparation, out of endurance, out of service, out of all high experience or low experience, what shall we carry into the eternities? The Master, who alone is Light of light, Truth of truth, Life of life, stands not only at that open tomb to illumine that vestibule of the inner temple. He stands by the side of every life, to light continually, to minister continually—to pour into this heart all

grace, all strength, all comfort, all peace, all life that to-day may be but the training for nndying honor; that out of this discipline may come enduring strength and eternal life.

These lips are dumb. No; they are to-day more eloquent than in all the years that are gone. Listen, and by the memories that are purest, by the service that was noblest, by the attainments most enduring, by the hopes most radiant, they will speak their message—live for truth, live for Christ, live for immortality; and if you would have treasure without rust, wealth without poverty, renown unfading, and influence ennobling and enduring, lay them up in God.

ADDRESS OF REV. D. J. STAFFORD, D. D.

Gentlemen, I am profoundly touched by the solemnity and the sadness of this occasion. Were I not sustained by the nature of my theme, I should find all utterance difficult. Hear me for my cause and be patient whilst I briefly, as under the circumstances must needs be, endeavor to point out one or two of the traits, one or two of the distinguishing characteristics in the character of this good, this noble, this generous-hearted man.

Character alone is important. Character alone is essential. Honors, station, position, riches, empires, kingdoms, all these fade away to nothingness before it. Character alone makes the man. It illumines with the light of God the hovel of poverty, where often it has lived, and it has warmed the cold garret of the lonely scholar whose hair has grown white with the watchings of learning before he had given his luminous thoughts to the world which are to make him immortal. It dwells in the cottage, and yet, like mercy, it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. Station, honors, position, wealth, empire—all these are accidental; all these pass away; all these

are nothing. Character makes the man, and constitutes the first essential of greatness in whatever station man may be placed. It is character that makes man great.

Doubtless, as a great French writer tells us, God alone is great. If we could see God as He really is, we would understand what true greatness is. If we could see omnipotence, infinite wisdom, and eternity—if we could behold these divine attributes that constitute Him in His infinite being, we should understand what real greatness is, what real character is. But as we can not see God in Himself, God has manifested them indirectly in this great world that He has called into existence. For when He uttered that fiat which called the worlds into being and orb after orb came up out of the abyss of chaos and nothingness and passed out before His eye in the glorious procession which is still going on, He intended to make a revelation of Himself to us, to manifest to us as far as we could understand, as far as we were capable of receiving such manifestations, this infinite wisdom, this infinite knowledge, His divine and infinite character; and St. Paul, speaking of the first Christian, says:

“Flecto genua ad patrem Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, ut possitis comprehendere cum omnibus sanctis quid sit latitudo longitudo sublimitas et profundum.”

And if we contemplate this material universe, this wonderful creation of God, we find it has certain dimensions; it is so broad, it is so long, it is so high, it is so deep. It is so wonderful, these overhanging heavens shining with the patines of pure gold, these cloud-capped mountains lifting their vast and ponderous heads toward the sky, these great oceans stretching away the waves of immensity, this radiant atmosphere; all these wonderful things from the insect that sings upon the blade of grass, from the smallest thing that exists, to the vast

complexity of systems that science has not investigated, everywhere manifest this infinite wisdom.

And so when we leave the material and come to consider man we find that character has certain dimensions, and the first necessity for great character is breadth.

Latitudo. It must be broad. It must be comprehensive. It must take in all that is good. It must embrace the whole world. It must embrace the human race. It must embrace, first of all, one's own country, one's own people. All ranks, all conditions, all beliefs, all sects, all the different sections that constitute the people, must be embraced in this amplitude, in this comprehension, in this broadness that constitutes a character. For though we should possess all the world, though a man should have all knowledge, though he should have all riches, though he should have all empire, if he used that knowledge and those riches and that empire for himself, he is not great. Providence intended that all things should be distributed—knowledge, like everything else; riches, like everything else—and he should be a poor steward indeed who would suppose that all these beneficent gifts of Providence were intended for his selfish enjoyment. He would be an example of gigantic, monumental selfishness, like those Eastern potentates and Roman emperors who thought that the human race was created to minister to their pleasure and that all the world was intended simply to be a means of gratification of their several base appetites. They constituted themselves in the place of God.

Now, this man, over whose death we are mourning and around whose bier we are gathered this afternoon, possessed first of all this broadness of character. He possessed first of all this largeness of heart. A discontented boy, a boy with those mysterious yearnings for something yet to come, which

made his life restless and made him unhappy, took him about from place to place, and from section to section, seeking something he knew not what, yet always driven on by this mysterious hunger which, if rightly understood, bespoke great things for the future. Discontented and of a roving spirit, in the beginning, leaving home as a mere child, and, I say, driven by this mysterious yearning and hunger, which has been evident in the early lives of very many great men, until the heart, the mind, and the soul and all the intensity of the being is fastened on some great object or some great career. Then he began the ascent, then he changed this motion from place to place into that motion upward, onward and upward up the mountain of distinction, aye, and the mountain of fame. For a man who was known and loved by nearly an hundred millions of people may surely be said to have fame. How laborious was that ascent, how difficult it was for him, how many times he fell backward and with what magnificent courage he rose again and started to climb higher and higher and higher until he reached the pinnacle. Then he looked out into the brightness of the heavens, into the glory of the clouds round about him, and saw great vistas that had not been visible from below. All the world had become more beautiful, all the world had become larger, everything had changed its aspect.

And what was the first thought; what was the first inclination; what was the first disposition of AMOS J. CUMMINGS when he reached that altitude? He stretched out his arms and wanted the world to enjoy it. He wanted all mankind to have share in it. Nor did he, looking into the clouds, scorn that ladder of lowliness by which he had ascended. He looked back down the mountain side; he saw those who were struggling, and striving, and endeavoring to climb to the

summit as he had done. He remembered the day when he himself had begun at the bottommost round. He called to them that were climbing up after him; he bade them have courage; he bade them come on; he bade them renew the struggle, and when they fell backward in the effort to make the ascent, his heart yearned for them and called for them, trying to point out to them the ladder by which he himself had elimed, in order that they also might arrive at success. He kept up his associations with those early days during the entire course of his life. He loved the poor man; he loved the laboring man; he kept up his associations with the working people; he was ever ready to speak in their behalf; he was always ready to do whatever he could to make their condition better, and though he himself had attained that which may be said, no doubt, to be a very high altitude in worldly greatness, and had come to be so distinguished, so well known, and so much beloved, a member of the most distinguished legislative body in the world, he never lost that kindness of heart, that genial consideration, that disposition of affability that allowed everybody to approach him, and always kept up association with those humble people who were beginning life. He possessed this kindness of heart, this greatness of soul, which is one of the first dimensions of character.

He also possessed high views; he had high principles; height of character, which is the second dimension; he had great ideals, and he wanted to live up to them. That he was a man of extreme patriotism no one who knew him will question. That in everything he undertook he always endeavored to find out the right and to follow it, no one who knew him will doubt. That he always sought to find out the right and when he found the right to follow it, is universally conceded; and not only did he use high ideals, but none but legitimate means

by which to reach them. Ah, here is where the mere utilitarian fails; here is where the mere vulgar seeker after distinction, after place, and after riches, fails; here is where the man who is merely a self-seeker, a selfish man, fails. He is willing to adopt any means to assure his own success, to reach that goal toward which he is tending; but this man, with high ideals and high principles, used none but legitimate means by which to attain them. He had, therefore, the second dimension of character.

But the most distinguishing trait in his character, as the most distinguishing trait in the character of every great man, was the third characteristic—longness of soul, length of soul, endurance of soul; *longitudo*. A determination that nothing could exhaust; a courage which nothing could baffle; a largeness of soul and endurance of soul which no obstacle, however great, could shake. This is the greatest trait of character, and this he possessed in a preeminent degree. A determination to succeed, let come what may; a determination to assert the right, let it cost what it may; a determination to reach the summit, let the ascent be difficult as it may; a determination to go on, though he should fall a hundred times by the roadside.

Such is the characteristic of all great men. Tie it to religion and it makes the saint; let it appeal to humanity, and it makes the man of charity; let it show itself in a man of learning, and it makes the philosopher; let it manifest itself in the conscience, and it makes the martyr; let it be for country and it makes the patriot. And it was this trait of character that distinguished him above all things. How else can you explain the fact but upon this basis of dogged determination that he reached his high altitude? How can you explain the fact that a boy who left school when twelve years of age became in his manhood distinguished for his learning and exhaustless

information; great felicity of phrase, his facile pen, which delighted thousands with the depth of expression and with a pathetic way of putting events that went directly home and won the hearts of men? A man that never was inside a university and had only that greater university, books. What splendid courage, what determination, what force of principle must have been necessary for him in order to acquire that knowledge, in order to arrive at that degree of information which made him an authority in the station in which he spent a large part of his life. Printer, soldier, newspaper man, editor, Congressman, and eminent in all.

He carried all to success, and then, with that ill health that ever and again made it necessary for him to forsake the field of activity for a period of rest, when another man would have been discouraged, as soon as he recuperated his strength even to a slight degree came back again to renew the struggle and carry on the work. What else could have carried him through those trying conditions of the civil war when upon the field battling for his country he won distinction and that medal of honor awarded and conferred by that Congress in which he was afterwards to sit, and of which he was to become an ornament. What else but this magnificent courage and determination carried him through all these vicissitudes of that career, preeminently American, a result of the civilization and the institutions under which we live? It enabled this man to grow, to enlarge in power, in strength, in soul, and in heart, until he became the magnificently rounded-out character we knew and loved. He was full of kindness and charity for others, and, his soul and heart so richly stored with all these gifts, he made all those love him with whom he came in contact, and won the respect, admiration, and love of those who were opposed to him on public measures.

He was a man of conscience always; a party man in the right and high sense, but he always put his country above all parties and above all considerations. And withal there was a gentleness and sweetness about him; with all these great gifts there was a meekness and sweetness in his character that you could not but love. "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man."

And in this year, which will be known as the year of the great calamity, when the greatest and saddest of all calamities has come upon the people, when one of the most eminent, one of the most gentle, one of the most lovable, one of the tenderest, and one of the purest men was shot down by the bullet of an assassin. So great was the love of the people for him that throughout the length and breadth of this land they sat down by the fireside in every home and shed tears of sorrow, as though in every household the father had died. In this year, in which the hearts of these people have been touched with a sorrow so great, with a misfortune so terrible, with an anguish of soul so keen, those that knew this man stop to mourn, they yet stop to express their sorrow, they yet stop to shed a tear, and nearly one hundred millions of people stop to-day to mark and note the death of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

What greater tribute could there be? A man of large heart—God give us men of large hearts. A man of high ideals in public life—God give me men of high ideals in public life. A man of unswerving determination, of unswerving adherence to the right, and unbounded love and loyalty for his country. God give us such men in public life. Let us cherish his memory and imitate his example, for the world and the country are better that he lived.

He loved his country with disinterested love. He loved her

with the heart of a son, the heart of a patriot. And let us pray God that we may profit by his example.

For such men there is no failure, because the men who live for ideals never fail. The utilitarian, the man of mere utility, the man who seeks himself, the man who seeks wealth, the man who seeks any of these pernicious things, always ultimately fails. The man who lives for ideals never fails. Such a man was Mr. CUMMINGS, and for this reason we mourn over his death and gather round his bier to-day to express for him our love and admiration, recalling the beauty of his character, his signal services to his country, his magnificent career in his State, his signally magnificent career in this House, and withal his gentleness and his sweetness.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

The choir sang "Nearer my God to Thee."

The Rev. William H. Milburn, D. D., Chaplain of the Senate, pronounced the benediction as follows:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

MEMORIAL SERVICES
IN HONOR OF
AMOS J. CUMMINGS,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION No. 6,
ON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 22, 1902,
AT
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL,
NEW YORK.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HONOR OF AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Memorial services in honor of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS were held at Carnegie Music Hall on Sunday afternoon, June 22, 1902, at 2 o'clock, under the auspices of Typographical Union No. 6.

The Memorial Committee having charge of the ceremonies was as follows:

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Ex-President M. H. McNamara, chairman; Ex-President Samuel B. Donnelly, Ex-President James J. Murphy, vice-chairmen; Robert M. Campbell, secretary; Ex-President Hugh Dalton, Ex-President William White, Ex-President John A. Ganong, Ex-President George A. McKay, Ex-President Mannis J. Geary, Ex-President James M. Duncan, Ex-President William E. Boselly, Ex-President Charles J. Dumas, Ex-President John A. Kenney, Ex-President James P. Farrell, Ex-President John H. Delaney, Ex-President James P. Rahal, Owen J. Kindelon, and Edward N. Barnett.

Kindly address replies to James J. Murphy, No. 216 East Eleventh street, New York, when tickets will be promptly sent you with the compliments of the membership.

The following order of exercises was observed:

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Raymond" (*Ambrose Thomas*), Prof. James Beggs, conductor. Introduction, James J. Murphy, vice-chairman memorial committee. Address, Marsden G. Scott, president Typographical Union No. 6. Prayer and address, Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge, vicar Pro-Cathedral, New York. Address—"Amos J. Cummings: As a Man," Hon. John S. Williams, Representative from Mississippi. Solo—"Ave Maria," Mme. Rachel Laya (courtesy of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Newspaper Man," Hon. John W. Keller, ex-president New York Press Club. Baritone solo—"The King of Love" (*Gounod*), Mr. Winfred Goff (courtesy Henry W. Savage, Castle Square Opera Company). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Service to Country," Hon. James M. Robinson, Representative from Indiana. Largo "Trust in the Lord" (*Händel*), double quartet from "The Chaperons" (courtesy of Mr. Frank L.

Perley). First tenors—Douglas Ruthven, Jethro Warner; second tenors—Edward Randall, Charles Ingoldsby; first basses—Thomas Burton, Edward Elkas; second basses—Jacob Weibley, William Nye. Oration, Hon. William E. Mason, United States Senator from Illinois. Orchestra—"Pilgrims' Chorus," from "*Tannhäuser*" (*Wagner*). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Legislative Associate," Hon. David H. Mercer, Representative from Nebraska. Contralto solo—"There Is a Green Hill Far Away" (*Gounod*), Miss Gertrude Gallagher. Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Union Soldier," Gen. James R. O'Beirue. "Funeral March" (*Chopin*). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: The Moral Influence of His Life" Rev. L. J. Evers, pastor St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, New York. Double quartet—"Lead, Kindly Light" (*Dudley Buck*). Double quartet from "*The Chaperons*" (courtesy of Frank L. Perley). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Union Printer," Owen J. Kindelon, of Typographical Union No. 6. Solo—"Stabat Mater"—"Inflammatus," Miss Frances Lee (courtesy of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein). Letters of regret read by Robert M. Campbell, secretary memorial committee. Hymn—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the audience. "Coronation March," from "*Le Prophète*" (*Meyerbeer*).

James J. Murphy, vice-chairman, presided.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. We are here this afternoon to pay a tribute of gratitude to one whom we all loved. On March 11, 1894, in the Fifth Avenue Theater, and for the first time in the history of our organization, now extending over half a century, we honored the memory of one who not only held a special place in the affections of printers, but of humanity in general. I refer to that generous and noble-minded gentleman, the late George W. Childs, the then proprietor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. On that occasion the oration was delivered by his dear friend, the one whose memory we are assembled to-day to honor, AMOS JAY CUMMINGS.

In the death of Mr. CUMMINGS honest labor lost a fearless champion. His was the intelligence born of the practical knowledge of the needs of the toilers, and his advocacy of legislation for their benefit was always in consonance with what was beneficial to the public interest of our great country. He simply performed his duty, and, in our opinion, he performed it well.

The lesson of Mr. CUMMINGS's life should be an inspiration to us—union printers especially—inasmuch as he never forgot, in his exalted position, the companions of the days spent in the strenuous life of the composing room, and, further, that he ever regarded the card of the Typographical Union as one of his principal treasures.

The programme the memorial committee has presented for your consideration is a very lengthy one, as you can see, and consequently briefness will be essential.

The Typographical Union is ever ready to reward those who are faithful to its principles, and we counted AMOS CUMMINGS among the best.

I have the honor to introduce as the first speaker the honored president of our beloved union, Mr. Marsden G. Scott.

ADDRESS OF MARSDEN G. SCOTT.

Speaking for the six thousand members of Typographical Union No. 6, we feel that in the death of AMOS J. CUMMINGS we have suffered a loss which mere words can but feebly express. Although for many years he was not directly engaged in the printing trade, yet he still retained his active membership in our union, still took a lively interest in all its affairs, and was always ready to assist in promoting the welfare of the organization. Not only was he known to the members of No. 6, but in five hundred cities throughout the United States and Canada, wherever there exists a subordinate branch of the International Typographical Union, the name of AMOS J. CUMMINGS inspired the greatest respect and he was held in the highest esteem by the members of the craft. Other speakers here this afternoon will refer to his career as a union printer, as a Union soldier, and as an editor and newspaper man; but all will agree that the sentiments of the union printers are the sentiments of all

who knew him. To us the character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS stands out as clear, as distinct, and as beautiful as though carved from the purest marble by the Master's hand. He was a union printer, a Union soldier; he was proud of his affiliations, and we were proud of him. In honoring his memory let us not neglect the lesson to be learned from the record of his busy life, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was always busy. But he wasn't too busy to hear and answer the call of his country when it needed his services to save this nation. He wasn't too busy as a printer at the case to be unmindful of the welfare of his fellow-craftsmen; and later on, when he had established a national reputation as a newspaper writer and editor, he was not too busy then to remember his old associates of the printing trade. And when he became one of the foremost men in the House of Representatives, he was not too busy then to stand shoulder to shoulder with other members of the House to protect the interests of those from whose ranks he had risen. And when the final summons came, he was not too busy, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS had performed his allotted task and performed it well.

The chairman introduced Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge, vicar of the Pro-Cathedral in New York, who offered the following prayer:

Almighty and Everlasting God, before whose face the generations rise and pass away, we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those, Thy servants, who, having manfully performed their labors here, have been called to work with Thee. As Thou wast their guide and strength during their earthly pilgrimage, so, we believe, Thou art still with them wheresoever they be, that still Thou art their Master and Teacher, instructing them in the Divine purpose which doth overrule Thy work; teaching their hands now but to perform

each task in harmony with Thy immutable decrees. Our fathers walked by Thy guidance and rested on Thy compassion. Be Thou still to us, their children, a loving Father, our supremest trust. Establish in us the faith and confidence which they had in Thee. May we ever be mindful of the fact that we have entered into their labors, and that ours is the duty and responsibility of bringing the same into good effect. If in our days of prosperity we forget Thee and worship false gods, send us, in Thy love, some awakening stroke of adversity that we may be brought back to Thee. Clear our hearts of all shams, pretence, and lies, and may we be a people who speak no cant. Make us true men and deliver us from hypocrisy. Give wisdom to those whom we intrust with authority and rule. Keep them from boastfulness, vainglory, and self-love. May they always remember they are but instruments in Thy hand. May our judges love justice, and may those who make our laws be governed by the very spirit of equity and fairness toward all. May bribery be an unknown crime. Fashion into one happy nation the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. May our people love order and law, and shun those who preach anarchy and the strife which is engendered of hate. God of our fathers, defend our liberty and preserve our unity, but grant that we may easily distinguish between liberty and lawlessness, between unity and selfishness. In our land, ordain that every good work shall have an even course; that the schools of sound learning may flourish; that our people be wise, tolerant, and free. Especially would we pray for every church, that she to whom has been intrusted the ministry of reconciliation may prove worthy of her trust. Bring under her standard those who have wandered away and have become estranged from prayer. That thy church may be more worthy to be loved, endow her with

the spirit of Christ. May she nurture no dark superstitions, nor champion any unrighteous cause. Grant that her ministers may know the joy of disinterested service, and may they be simple with the simplicity which was in Jesus. Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred, prejudice, and bigotry, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord. Bow Thine ear to our petitions, and in Thy wisdom grant us those things which are best for us. We ask it in His name who taught us to pray and say Our Father, etc.

ADDRESS OF REV. PHILIP MARKHAM KERRIDGE.

In the early history of our nation, while democracy and republican government was still an experiment, there were not wanting those who raised the voice of criticism against what we had undertaken; men who claimed to be friends said that it would be impossible for any nation long to survive under the democratic idea, because it would be impossible that any one man or any number of men should ever rise above the common lot of their neighbors; that while democracy undoubtedly would raise the many it would lower the few; that there would therefore be no prominent men, no standard bearers. You know—for our history is known to you—how this has been disproved by the course of our nation. We have never wanted in any hour of trial, in any time of difficulty, in any need, great men to stand up and be the bearers of our banners. To be sure, there has come about—and this is one of the most vital things in the history of our nation—a change in the character of those whom we esteem as our great men. You and I have seen this change coming about; we have seen the people seeking to take the man of force, the man of destruction, and make him a hero; and we know that such attempts

have failed, and failed because they were not in conformity with our ideas of government and our ideas of citizenship. The man, then, who has taken the place of the man of force is the man of thought, the man of service, the idealist.

In this programme which is presented before me I see that AMOS J. CUMMINGS—be his name pronounced with all affection and reverence—was a many-sided man. You will see that he was a soldier; that he was a laborer; that he labored for the good of mankind. You will hear his brethren and those who knew him best tell you that he was a man whose virtues were beyond question or quibble; but I look in vain to see here—though there were two churchmen to speak to you—I look in vain to find any reference to AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a churchman. I do not say this in any spirit of criticism, for to me, speaking as a churchman, it seems a matter deserving notice that a man whose character was what his was should, in his manifold workings, find it expedient to labor outside of that organization, whose aims and ideals are, I must believe, in accordance with his. What was it then, I ask, that kept this man of high ideals, of noble aims, from working in unison with some branch of the Christian church? For observe, I beg you, that the very characteristics which make this man noteworthy are inculcated by the church; she has for ages been the conservator of those qualities in men which we, as a people, value in our public men. Is the fault with the church that so many noble men carry on their work singly and alone without the inspiration that should come from association with a large body with kindred aims and ambitions? I dare answer that, in part, the blame is with the church. She has been deaf to the immediate needs of men. She has often seemed afraid to attack those problems that are interesting the men who think in our day; she has fondly turned her eyes to a past; her pulpits

have too often been the platform from which stale and unprofitable doctrine has been preached with pious zeal and where men have heard immaterial and irrelevant issues discussed by puling sermonizers. She has too often been afraid when she should have been bold, hesitating when there should have been no uncertainty, driven when she should have led. She has seemed to think that her only function was to proclaim a future salvation for men, and that the righting of present wrongs, the protest against present injustice, was no part of her mission. I say, brethren, that so far as she has limited herself thus, so far has she departed from the purpose of her Divine Head. Jesus had very little to say about the future, but much about the present, and if the church is to be the interpreter of Christ and His spirit to men she must deal with the everyday problems of life. And, thank God, the day has come. The church is awake to her responsibility; she is demanding with no uncertain voice that social injustice stop; her ministers are no longer afraid to stand at the front of the hosts of labor. She can not, if she is true to her ideal, recognize classes. She has the true idea of a democracy, for within—yes, and without—her bounds she recognizes all men as brethren. There has been fault, too, on the part of those who have separated themselves from communion with her. It has done her good, since under God it has aroused her to the work there was to be done. But how much better that work could be done if the brave hearts and the strong arms of such men as AMOS CUMMINGS were hers to command. I believe the time will come when they will be working with her and in her. For let us not forget that her call to-day is, as of old, the call to a life of service in the battle against all unrighteousness.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker is the son of a Confederate soldier, who was a colonel of the Twenty-seventh

Tennessee Volunteers, and who lost his life in the battle of Shiloh. An admirer of honesty and sterling integrity, he became a close and good friend of Mr. CUMMINGS. Speaking to the subject, "AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a man," I have the honor to introduce the Hon. John S. Williams, Representative from Mississippi.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN S. WILLIAMS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am requested to pay a tribute to my dead and buried friend, AMOS J. CUMMINGS—a tribute to him not as a statesman, nor as an editor, nor as a member of his intelligent, useful, and honorable craft, the printers and compositors, nor as a writer of character sketches, nor as a soldier, nor as a colleague in the National Legislature—though he was all these and eminently excelled as each—but a tribute to him simply as a man, a friend.

I am requested to do this in ten minutes' time. One minute is ample, subjectively speaking, for the mental consciousness of affection and kindly friendship as a day, but it would be impossible, in very many more minutes, adequately to portray, in articulate speech, the object of that friendship and affection so as to transplant the sentiment with equal growth to the hearts of others; and yet my heart, full of tender memories, bids me attempt it.

The wise old King of Israel said: "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."

AMOS CUMMINGS "showed himself friendly" to all who deserved it, and to many who did not—friendly by encouraging word, friendly by cordial praise, friendly by charitable sympathy, friendly by serviceable deed, by extended helping hand. Since his death all know how far and how generously that helping hand was extended, even to the impoverishment of his own estate.

No marvel, then, that he had so many friends who in his times of trouble or necessity—and he had his times of that sort—"showed themselves friendly" to him.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to body-forth a man—a character—without saying something about his faith—the propelling force which makes a life.

In a theological or an ordinary sense he could hardly be said to be a religious man; but he was eminently so when tested by the standard of that great hymn of humanitarianism, Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem." You remember how the Arab chieftain "awoke one night from a deep dream of peace" and inquired of the "Angel writing in a book of gold:" "What writest thou?" and receiving the reply: "The names of those who love the Lord," asked: "And is mine one?" and when the Angel answered "Nay, not so," said:

* I pray thee then
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

The poet continues:

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The best way to worship God and secure his blessing is to love and serve one's fellow-men. At any rate, whether this be true or not, it was the guiding faith, and might, therefore, in a sense be called the religion of Mr. CUMMINGS.

He was religious, too, when tested by St. James's standard: "Pure religion and undefiled before God is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" though, like nearly all the rest of us, he could not claim to have obeyed always the injunction conveyed by the balance of the sentence, "and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

I suspect, however, from what I know of him—his character,

his reading, and his tastes—that he came nearer drawing his character inspiration from Robert Burns than from either St. James or Leigh Hunt, and especially from Burns's "Letter to a Young Friend," of the sentiment and Scottish dialect and rhythm, of which he was very fond:

The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.
It's slightest touches, instant pause;
Debar a' side pretenses,
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

* * * * *

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still, the preaching can't forbear
Anf ev'n the rigid feature

And yet I know he thought and felt and believed as intensely as any man, that:

An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

The secret of his success as a writer of character sketches—of his ability to understand and faithfully and sympathetically to portray so many different and diverse natures, and most of them apparently so different from his own—came from this same trait, as a man, of "showing himself friendly"—this broad, charitable, Shakespearean way of putting himself in the place of the other man, while detecting with kindly pity his weaknesses, discovering with admiration his strength, and temporarily sharing each or both.

For the time being, while writing about a man, he seemed possessed of his subject's very prejudices and to have assumed his character, indeed, sufficiently at least to forgive his vices, sometimes setting them forth as in a picture, but seldom lashing them with invective.

He was always "a chiel takin notes;" but he took Bobbie Burns's advice there, too:

Ay free, aff han' your story tell
 When wi' a bosom cronie;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to onie;
 Conceal yoursel as well's ye can
 Frae critical dissection,
 But keek thro' ev'ry ither man
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

I can never forget the good-humored, sympathetic eye of him as seemingly surrendered entirely to the spirit of the occasion, or of the crowd, or of the talker, it yet fairly twinkled "wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection."

To conclude, such as he was—virtues and faults, strength and weakness, Shakespeare-like in his strange objectivity and many-sidedness—I knew him well and loved him well! and his friendly services—never failing—shall remain a lasting remembrance.

Honest, brave, unselfish, broad, true to his ideals—one of those few who recognize that broad-loving and high-thinking ("sentiment," if you will) is man's only ever-abiding part—he won our confidence as a man, was worthy of our affection as a friend while on earth, and is worthy of it still.

Viel besser wahr und derb und schlicht,
 Als fröhlich falsch und fein;
 Es geht mir um den Becher nicht,
 Es geht mir um den Wein.

MR. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker this afternoon is one who is an old friend of the printers, especially in our local union. He also had been selected to make an address at the memorial services in honor of George W. Childs. His address to-day will be on a similar topic, treating on the relation of Mr. CUMMINGS to the profession of journalism. I have the honor to introduce Hon. John W. Keller, ex-president of the New York Press Club.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN W. KELLER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I esteem it a high privilege to be here this afternoon and I hold it as an honor to have a place on this programme, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was my friend for twenty-five years, and I was his. On occasions like this garlands of words and wreaths of rhetoric are heaped in memory. I bring no garland; I bring no wreath; but out of the garden of my heart I have culled its choicest flower—friendship—and that I bring humbly, lovingly, to lay it with the rest. [Applause.]

I do not mourn for AMOS J. CUMMINGS, because I believe that his condition now is better than any that could be in this life. But I do mourn for the world, that it has lost a good man. I mourn for mankind, that it has lost a brother. I mourn for my country, that it has lost a patriot. I mourn for the cause of labor, that it has lost a fearless champion. [Applause.] I mourn for myself, that I have lost a friend.

The saddest thing, as the years crowd upon us, is the realization that our friends are departing. Twenty years ago it seemed to me that few friends of mine died, except by accident; to-day they are falling around me as the leaves fall in the autumn. It is the autumn and the dreariest part of it is that there is not enough time left in my life, even if they could be replaced, to replace old friends with new. [Applause.]

I have been assigned, ladies and gentlemen, to speak of Mr. CUMMINGS as a newspaper man. The time is all too short for the task. This organization, this city, this State, this country, have recognized in AMOS J. CUMMINGS one of the best newspaper men that America ever produced, and no words of mine can accentuate the force of that common opinion. He had so many sides to his life and he was so successful in them all that

it were difficult to say in which he was the most successful; and yet I think, as time goes on, he will be best remembered as a newspaper man. It was in journalism that he developed, and in developing he developed journalism. He came up from the case, from the composing room; he went through all the grades to the editorial chair, and there is nothing in all the work to be done in journalism, from the setting of the type to the printing of the paper, that AMOS J. CUMMINGS did not know, and know well. The best that certain newspapers in this town have done was done in the time when he was connected with them. I refer to the Tribune when he was on its staff; to the Morning Sun, when he was one of its chief contributors, and to the Evening Sun, when he started it.

The reason that he was so successful in newspaper life is that he knew mankind; he was loyal to his convictions; he had sympathy with his fellow-workers, and he was brave. There was never a fight that confronted him, physically or morally, that he would not accept when he thought that he was in the right. Where was ever a more loyal man than he? Did he not up to the time of his death carry in his pocket his card of membership in Big Six? And was it not his proudest possession? When did ever printer go to AMOS J. CUMMINGS and ask for help that it was refused? Was not all his life devoted, after he left the service of his country, to the old soldier? In his newspaper work and in Congress he was always to be depended on to fight for the rights of the veterans of the Union army. [Applause.] In journalism he was kindly and sympathetic. When he was at the height of his fame, there could come no fledgling reporter to him who would receive other than the most generous treatment. His sympathy was always with the worker, with the honest man, with the one struggling to better his condition. He hated a

liar; he despised a hypocrite; he abominated a pharisee. But the honest man was his brother, and whatever he had he was willing to share it with him. [Applause].

Through all his eventful career his affection for the working man never waned. He had climbed the ladder from the lowest round and his hand was ever out to help a struggling brother. His early trials, his contact with men, his study of conditions, his knowledge of his country, his habit of looking at the two sides of every question, fitted him preeminently for journalism. His equipment for his profession was perfect; and his sturdy manhood, his personal integrity, his unflinching courage, compelled success. He was admired as a soldier, he was respected as a statesman, he was beloved as a man, but his best hold on fame was gained as a journalist. He was a better Congressman for having been a newspaper man; he was not a worse newspaper man for having been a Congressman. The affairs of the nation engrossed his attention after he was sent to Washington, and he brought to his labors there all the industry, ability, and wisdom that had already made him conspicuous, but through it all he was ever the journalist, eager to touch with his trenchant pen the problems that needed publicity. Throughout his long Congressional life he was a valuable and valued newspaper correspondent, and it is at least a question if he did not render better service to his country by his newspaper writings than by his work in committee and his speeches on the floor of Congress.

Of the dead say nothing but good. For centuries the world has accepted this Latin proverb. It is worthy of perpetuity because it is generous. It merits universal respect because it is charitable. But the reaping hand of death sometimes robs this life of men of whom nothing but good could be said; and AMOS CUMMINGS was one of these. Once under the auspices

of this same association I heard him speak in memorial eulogy of George W. Childs, and one phrase that he used then has stuck hard and fast in my mind ever since. He said of Mr. Childs: "He squared his life by the Golden Rule." That is an epitaph that in eloquent brevity can not be surpassed. It sums up the whole of Christian existence. Standing in the gloom of death and looking for the light that has been divinely promised, it is the noblest tribute that one man can pay to another. Here to-day in the presence of his life-long friends and associates, looking backward across the quarter of a century that I knew him intimately, overwhelmed by a flood of recollection as to what he strove to do and what he did, I would quote AMOS CUMMINGS'S words as the summary of his own moral existence: "He squared his life by the Golden Rule." To do unto others as he would have them do unto him was his religion. There was nothing professional in his philanthropy. He never posed as a moralist. He never set himself on a pedestal of superiority. But he loved his neighbor as himself, and without pretense, without parade, without one thought beyond the simple deed itself, his hand was ever outstretched to help a weaker brother.

He is dead; his life is ended; his sun is set; but all the sky of memory is alight with the golden glory of his deeds! [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker has not been a printer; he has been in a manner identified with the printing business through his being a newsboy, and from that apparently lowly station in life he now holds an exalted position in one of the greatest legislative bodies in the world. I have the honor to announce as the next speaker on the subject, "Amos J. Cummings: Service to Country," the Hon. James M. Robinson, Representative from Indiana.

ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES M. ROBINSON, OF INDIANA.

I come to speak of one who had a laudable ambition to serve his country and his fellow-men. He did his duty in the field, in civil life, in public station, and left a character unsullied. He never forgot the people from whom he sprung and to whom he ever looked for support. He never appealed to them in vain.

When such a one has performed his mission faithfully and well; when the nation has seen one, at an early age, enter into the performance of a conscientious public duty, and has seen his sun cross the meridian and sink to its setting place in the West, and he still in the performance of that duty, without a blot or a stain upon him, it is fitting that we should assemble in this solemn meeting and proclaim our sanction and erect a monument of words and thoughts to such able and distinguished public service.

To call our friend and associate back, as we knew him and loved him in life; to commune with him across on that beautiful shore; to remember how we joined in his joys and shared in his sorrows; to call him back on this memorial day, sad and solemn as it is, must always be a pleasant task.

He served his country well, because the masses were the special object of his solicitude and care.

We hear more than ever before of duty to fellow-man. It is enjoined alike by the pulpit, the forum, and the bar. This comports with every moral code ever inspired by God or enforced by man, from the emanations of the most enlightened nations of the earth to those of the Hottentots of Africa. All enforce the duty of man to man.

His life's ambition was along these lines, and in this he found his conception of a republic.

The tongue of eloquence may paint pictures of thought on the canvas of ideality, the painter's brush may show in glowing colors the beauties of man's attachment for man, and the poetic muse may lend her charming evidence to the voice of the world to teach our duty to our kind, but none can show a stronger exemplar of these teachings than was found in the spirit of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Love of fellow-man gave us the republic. It raised man from caverns in the ground to be dwellers in cities of palaces, raised idolaters to be worshipers of God—raised the children of men to the conditions in which you find them to-day, from those early conditions of savagery, war, and barbarism which were their inherited portions centuries ago. His was a wonderful theater of action—a wonderful age. Pictures of progress are seen to-day that were undreamed of a quarter of a century ago. Glancing about, we see enterprises of great pith and moment, colossal in their proportions, world-wide in their influence, and there is no human want, save everlasting life, that seems outside the pale of human hope. This is a rapid age, and the world does not move swifter on its axis than do the inhabitants move in their industrial and political affairs. He kept abreast of these times; though beyond the medium in years, he always retained the power to conceive and execute along up-to-date and modern lines.

Let us hope that, under the inspiration of lives like his, peace ever shall be our guiding star, that we may in tranquillity, under its sweet influence, cultivate the arts and works of peace and become still grander among the nations of the world. Let us do as well in our generation as he did in his.

Let us each place a stone on the temple of a united peace and liberty-loving people; then will that temple and that

people stand and flourish and grow strong as years roll on, like the rock of ages. It will stand a proud and magnificent monument to a people that teaches duty to God, good will to man, obedience to law, and loyalty to country—a people honored for its good citizenship wherever they are found.

Our friend, after a life's devotion to his country, has joined that long line of New York's distinguished publicists and statesmen who have illumined her history by ability and faithful performance of duty. Let us hope that no evil may come to our country, but that peace, happiness, and prosperity may always prevail; but if storms and tumults do come, let us be assured that our country will be safe, and, whether the evening shall come to lull or beguile us with the soft notes of a lute or to terrify us with the bold bugle blast of war, our country will be safe and secure in the strong and sustaining power of the class from which Mr. CUMMINGS rose.

He fought in the field for our institutions of government. He pleaded for them in the greatest legislative body in the world. He stood always for liberty, humanity, the people. His name should stand with the patriots from the beginning to the last. The work accomplished in part was his.

For ages, until our Republic was formed, the little country of Switzerland was the only home of liberty, and then she dwelt among the mountain fastnesses of the Alps, but she never grew. Liberty came to our shores, still an infant in her swaddling clothes. The strong arms of Revolutionary and patriotic fathers rocked her cradle. The lullaby that lulled her to sleep was the voice of the belching cannon. She smiled upon us and grew. In infancy she inspired the hand of Jefferson to write the Declaration of Independence. England fought it, but in a few years gave up the war. In young girlhood she held up the Constitution for the world to gaze upon. It is

imitated in the Western World. Civilization bowed in admiration. In young womanhood she inspired the American hearts and minds, not to mutiny and rage, but to deeds of fame and glory, to fight for her and for themselves on the American field of valor. They marched under a banner that had the legend "Free men and Americans" across its front. They marched to victory while the flag of the free, the American flag, floated above them. All this has liberty done in the name of liberty. America stands to-day in full womanhood and maturity, with her seventy-six millions of children and supporters, an angel of light to the liberty-lovers of the world. She stands in the very zenith of her magnificent power, shedding her rich effulgence over and irradiating the world. In this great work our friend shared a conspicuous part.

His people, whose servant he was, will miss him; the soldiers will miss him; the typographical union will miss him; the letter carriers will miss him; Congress will miss him; the people of the whole nation will miss him; but all will give him that grateful remembrance that follows a life well spent in the faithful performance of duty, after the spirit has flown.

Gone before us, O our brother, to the spirit land,
Vainly we look for another in thy place to stand.
Will the pleasant memories, swelling gentle hearts of thee,
In the spirit's distant dwelling, all unheeded be?
If the spirit ever gazes from its journeying back,
If the immortal ever traces o'er its mortal track,
Will not thou, O brother, meet us sometime on the way,
And in hours of sadness greet us, as a spirit may?
Unto friend and country giving all thy earthly powers,
Be thy virtues with the living, and thy spirit ours.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY: I have a little disappointment for you. This telegram was received only a few hours ago: "I find it impossible to be with you to-morrow, owing to sickness in my family. I want very much to add my few words in honor of

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, a true friend and honest man.—William E. Mason."

Senator Mason was to deliver the oration, but in this very progressive age no time must be lost, and we must adapt ourselves to circumstances. The telegraph was used and an oration "ordered." This is somewhat like dropping a nickel in the slot—what we lose by the absence of Senator Mason we will gain in presenting, to deliver the oration, a member of the Congressional Medal of Honor Legion, whose comrades are sitting together on this platform, and of which Mr. CUMMINGS was a member. We have taken the gentleman at considerable disadvantage, but we were quite well aware that he was equal to the emergency. I have the honor to announce as the orator Gen. James R. O'Beirne.

ADDRESS OF GEN. JAMES R. O'BEIRNE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: No one will feel more regret and dissatisfaction with the event just announced by your worthy chairman than I do, because, in the first place, it calls upon me for the performance of a herculean task rather unexpectedly, and, in the second place, somewhat out of the order in which I was assigned to perform the humble part allotted to me by your worthy chairman; but, nevertheless, responding to the call in the absence of him who I know would have so ably, gratifyingly, and so thoroughly met the occasion, that great Senator from the patriotic and imperial State of Illinois, William Mason, I must to some extent throw myself upon your kind consideration, because of the shortcomings which by contrast naturally will be evident in the manner in which the duty is discharged by me. But as your chairman has kindly said—and perhaps I might paraphrase it by another expression—as he spoke of me as being like the nickel in the

slot, I presume I may be better regarded as "the man in the gap." And so with that statement I will accept with diffidence the fate which your chairman and the occasion of the hour have assigned me.

I was deeply reveling in the sweet cadences and wealth of thought of the eloquent gentleman who has just preceded me. Enraptured as you are like myself with that superb and magnificent tribute which he has given to the worthy, dear-beloved friend whom we commemorate to-day in these ceremonies, perhaps it were better not to attempt in any way to add to the appropriate and becoming words already pronounced in eulogium upon the departed statesman and soldier. In the effort I shall hesitatingly make I may, with your permission, fall back somewhat to the original assignment given me in connection with the historical personality of AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a soldier.

Death is the test of love; and perhaps there are no men, by reason of their association, who in their lives have such severe tests as soldiers, both in the inception of their attachments, "tried as by fire," and in the baptism of the camp, ending in the climaxes, and sometimes tragedies, of the last outcomes on the field. The word "comrade" is one that is probably more endearing in the realm of love, so far as the relations of men are concerned, than any other to which the human heart may be subjected—that of association in fields of danger; that of identification in a common impending fate, with the events that transpire, surrounded by the constant threatening presence of death, perhaps with the sadness that comes in the last hour, without the solaces, comforts, and pleasant associations of gentler scenes of life to lighten the burden of woe and assuage the feelings of the afflicted, the soldier feels more keenly than any other the breaking of the golden bowl, the

shattering of the affectionate bonds, and the severing of the sweet ties of virile love which belong to ideal comrade life in camp and on the field. In other relations of life, where ornament and decoration, where all that embellishes and beautifies life are to be found, and where the experiences in calmness and composure are such as to warrant the onward flow of the sweet affections of the heart uninterruptedly, there can be perhaps no reason to doubt that this profound sentiment may reach its full culmination and its highest fruition. But on the field of battle, in the camp, and on the march, and in the fierce shock, the fusillade, the cannonade, the charge, the tremendous outcome of the most violent forcing between two opposing and contending armies, leaving in their trail all that is sad and sorrowful, there beams above it all, decked with beautiful sunlit ray, but one only enduring and fascinating charm to cheer up the gloom of the moment, and that is, the love of the comrade, of the one that has passed, as the loved other one stands over him and takes his farewell from him in the midst of carnage on the field of battle. [Applause.]

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was born in the echo of patriotism, and the songs of love and affection for his country were the choruses that he listened to from his earliest infancy. Born of that patriotic old stock sprung from New England, every fiber of his life and existence was thoroughly patriotic and martial, and when he took his place in that great army of volunteers as they marched out in 1861 he but renewed and added to the former experience of those who had gone before him in a patriotic family. He but again gave earnest to the lessons he had learned from a patriotic father and mother, and though gifted with a gentle, sweet, accommodating nature and temperament, he illustrated vigorously in his character and in his forcefulness that splendid adaptability to the soldier character

which brought back again a reminder of the glowing heroism of the early Revolutionary days. He came into life with the story of the struggles of our country for existence through contention and controversy of half a century burned into his heart, and the cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty, intoned with the mother's lullaby and prayer. This great country of America has had evolutions in the production of soldiers; it has brought out a type of soldier which the world has never before seen, and from the early days of the fathers and "the embattled farmers," immortalized by the unique poem of Emerson, down to Santiago and Siboney, they have presented in each successive conflict in which they have been called to defend the flag a special type of soldier such as has not been known on the pages of history nor in the annals of time. [Applause.]

In the olden days those who went forth to fight battles rode and marched in the interest of some tyrant or of some monarchial power. In the days when the American soldier has gone forth to fight he has done it as a duty in order to maintain a government of intelligence and of protection for his fellowmen in the advancement of civilization and a higher type of self-government. He has set aside all efforts to tyrannize; he has ignored all attempts to subordinate others to his wishes, and only in the holy name of his country and of his flag has he set out with that intelligence to make the patriot which has been evident in all the details of our wars heretofore, by his example and bearing to produce the unsurpassed type of soldier in the military ranks of the Government of the United States, and as such superior to all others who have preceded him in other climes and other wars. They were those who marched like heroes and fought like gods to dare all for the flag.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was essentially in spirit a soldier, and as has been said here to-day in the chaplets of fame and renown woven firmly by scholars and statesmen which have been brought and laid before you in his honor, he was brave and fearless—there is no earthly doubt of that. Though also, as has been said, he was a many-sided man, yet his military experience and his discharge of duty fearlessly upon the field of battle have perhaps given in these memorial hours an accentuation of sacrifice and heroism higher than that of the civic virtues which he obtained and possessed afterwards, and which marked with genius, power, and mastery an eventful and successful career in all that he undertook. The great question that came before him first was the protection of the flag under which he was born, and this inspired, elicited, and strengthened all that powerful growth of feeling that characterized his fertile and powerful pen in after years; that impelled him with military ardor as a young man, then but a stripling, to go forth in 1861, one bright day in April, with the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteers to take his place side by side with the golden youth of America who marched out at the call of the country's command, and in his actions illustrating by his conduct and example the highest type of the American volunteer. Performing his duty faithfully he went forward rapidly to distinction with growing fame, and afterwards received the rank of sergeant-major, and in this capacity, having early won the rank by bravery and diligence, I happened to know, in my official position (that of former commander of the Medal of Honor Legion), to which position he afterwards was elected, he received the medal of honor of Congress for one of the most brave and daring feats of courage, performed on the field of battle, in which one action, on his part, an individual action, the action of a man alone in its

sterling valor and brilliancy of achievement was most remarkable, indeed, if not miraculous, and would seem incredible, but that it was witnessed and is recorded.

Just at a certain point in the day the battle was fearfully raging; the heavy firing was still unsubdued upon either side; the exchanges were quick, rapid, sharp, and decisive, and the mortality spreading in great circles, when all of a sudden, on the right where young CUMMINGS was it was discovered by him with quick instinct that the battery was in danger of being captured, and for a moment, gunner after gunner having gone down, stood young CUMMINGS, as sergeant-major at the time, intently watching the battery doing its terrible work as they protected it, with the few young gunners remaining that were with him, supporting the battery. With a glance he suddenly saw that the cannoneers were all killed or disabled and knew finally that the battery was to be captured; so, rallying the few nearby to go with him, he started forward in a mad rush and reached the position where one gun of the battery was threatened with capture, and in a moment, while it was already twisted around ready for the enemy to take it into their ranks, he recaptured it from them, placed it in position, and commenced, with his other comrades, a terrible fire at once upon the retreating enemy. This was the great feat of courage performed by him, and which, as a Union soldier, has entitled him to distinction of the first rank among the heroes of our day. [Applause.]

Modest, though brave and fearless and always unassuming, there is not therefore any degree of importance that can be attached to a creditable or courageous act that Amos J. CUMMINGS is not entitled to in the most superlative degree, for this soldierly act of dauntless heroism in the very face of the enemy. The question of war, with its triumphs and

trophies does not indicate the punishments, the cruelties and the severities visited upon the other participants. It does not indicate the sacrifices and the losses; it does not indicate the terrible, trying times of those dear ones not engaged in the war, those who do not suffer upon the field of battle but who suffer at home. There is ever the trying moment for the family and home ties, and in earlier days when they were going forward, shall I be told that those who remained at home and who bore the brunt of the sorrows and the sufferings are not entitled to their consideration and the appreciation of this whole country when the Union soldier is brought into bold relief. Yes, this glorious, noble soldier, always modest and unassuming, felt deeply at all times for his family and the dear ones at home while he was risking his life, and in his associations tender indeed were his thoughts; as refined as his love and devotion to them, because of the possible suffering and sorrow that they were undergoing in the loved home. And so the Union soldier in this regard has had his day of duty, of trial, and penalty. He has characterized by sacrifice and by his devotion to his family and his allegiance to them how much he was deserving of that great tribute of praise that is given by the Government and the country at large and by the generosity of Congress in according medals to those who were worthy of them by reason of deeds of bravery, many of whom are here to-day to do honor to the memory of our brave companion, AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

A word has been spoken in regard to the faith, to the religious spirit of our companion; but there was one glorious faith deserving of mention in addition to the splendid tributes already accorded to him for his elevation of thought and for his devotion to the supernatural and to the Almighty; and that

was the devotion that he had ever kept in mind to guide him as he worshiped before the altars of his country for the observance of patriotic duty, and for the obligations that he felt to that country and its flag; and in that regard the words of the young Irish poet—too early dead—in regard to the doctrinal faith of the hero, might appropriately be applied.

And though ten thousand altars bear
From each to Heaven a different prayer,
Yet by light of moon or light of sun,
Before Freedom's shrine we should all be one.

And so this life has gone out, with brilliancy and fame, as has been said. To-day the glory of the soldier remains, only eclipsed by the civic virtues which have been won steadily year by year in the arena of public life, in the fierce lights that blaze around a republic's throne, under the trials and temptations of political inducements, and of oppositions difficult to confront and that were hard, in their formidable allurements, to encounter. But all through it, ever onward and upward, he has borne his shield bright, without a taint or blemish upon it, and in the hour of temptation he has shown that he proved still strong, self-reliant, and virtuous, pure in his civic greatness as he was as a soldier in his duties, resisting everything that could affect his reputation, his honor, his courage, and his faith. [Applause.]

With this commendation, richly deserved from a civic side, there is added brilliancy to that won by him on the military side, because, while under our form of government it has been wisely ordained that the civic authority shall be superior to that of the military, and that however much we admire our soldiers for gallant deeds, however much we applaud military renown when justly deserved, however much we prize martial greatness when fairly won, still, fortunately and wisely, according to our

Constitution and laws, all this must be subordinated to the civil successes, the civil powers, to the civil strength, and to the civil rights in the jurisdiction and supreme law of our Government. And though a soldier, he never forgot that the dignity of an American citizen was more truly reflected in the principles of love of country that guided his heart and his feelings of patriotism and loyalty than in the mere glory of the soldier's uniform or of a battle in which he had become distinguished, yet at the same time, soldier like, he was true, as has been said, to the demands of military duty and to his soldier friends. He was loved dearly by them, and our attachments, among those of us who knew him well, have always been for him of the very strongest character, because there is nothing as to duty in connection with the influence of his military experience in after life to which he should prove true that was not faithfully discharged both by action, by implication, by personal and direct attention. If he was not able to do all that he felt was required of him he kept striving on, at least in the steady devotion and loyalty he felt to his soldier brothers, in order to bring about the end desired. He never was faithless in anything, and no action of his life has ever occurred since his early experience as a soldier which has left him without the constant and unfailing regard of his brother soldiers and companions; and we who come here to-day, you his friends, and my companions on the right of me here, of the Congressional Medal of Honor Legion, who, like him, have been in battle and honored signally by Congress for gallantry of a special character on the field in discharge of duty, feel keenly and deeply the loss that we have met, together with the whole people of the United States, and his loss is mourned no less in our own community in the State of New York than among the Representatives of our whole Government. We shall long cherish the most devoted

affection for him; we shall long prize his memory because of its beautiful and brilliant character; we shall long love and revere his manhood and his honesty, because he was true to us, and we have been true to him. He was true to this Government, true to his home, true to his fellow-men, and then, by that regard, he could not be untrue to anyone else—not only true to himself but true to his community and his God. And this truth and fidelity of character is one of those things that can go among the sweetest and most comforting recollections in the last hours of the soldier, with his glory achieved, if he has held his lance in rest and kept his shield bright and untarnished when he gathers home to his fathers in the last sad bivouac, on the camping ground of the brave and true.

There can be nothing to add to the soldier's renown more than that which has been achieved by AMOS J. CUMMINGS in his civic relations to his fellow-men. No word of taint or scandal, no imputation of wrong, no want of faith or performance of duty have ever been alleged against him. Always in the fore front, always in the arena, always determined and fearless, always kind and gentle, with convictions that made his heart strong and indomitable; always at the post of duty, untiring, invincible, and indomitable. For years he has borne the brunt of trying events that would have carried away other men of less resistance. He has made himself a champion in the full sense of the word wherever weak and suffering human nature, wherever the cause of labor, wherever the trials and troubles of the soldier, wherever the sufferings of his fellow-men of any kind whatever appealed to him; he always gave a ready response, a willing hand, and an earnest brain and tongue in the advocacy of their rights. So we to-day, we soldiers who were associated with him, and who knew him so well,

we add our tribute to those that have been given so appropriately and so justly to him. We bring a chaplet to add to the garlands laid upon his grave. Perhaps, I might say, with somewhat of a martial character, but not indeed with a military feeling, but rather with that which makes us claim him as our companion and comrade; and though silent in death and gathered to his last resting place, we join in thought with those in the upper air that are looking upon us—the saints and the suffering ones of the past, the slain and the wounded of our dead, our other companions who have gathered with them in the great majority, looking out from the splendid abode above of our Father, who are still with him looking down in comradeship upon us and reciprocating what we feel—and we pledge the same old faith, the same old loyalty and devotion to them, the glorious feeling of brotherhood of the purest type, sacrificing everything else to it. Baptized in the fierce struggles of battle, in the common events that make carnage destructive to the last degree in sacrifices, where all is endangered, if not lost, one thing, the pure gem, rich jewel, the priceless heritage of our love, affection, devotion, and friendship rises supreme above all and still remains for AMOS J. CUMMINGS. “*Fidelis ad ultimum.*” [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker is also the son of a Union soldier. His father was captain of Company E, Seventy-eighth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and marched with Sherman to the sea. He was a loyal and devoted friend of Mr. CUMMINGS, and it is safe to say that love, which is greater than mere affection, was strong and mutual between them. I have the honor to announce that the subject “Amos J. Cummings, legislative associate,” will be responded to by the Hon. David H. Mercer, Representative from Nebraska.

ADDRESS OF HON. DAVID H. MERCER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, FRIENDS OF AMOS J. CUMMINGS: I am one of the silent workers in the ranks of mankind, and as a rule not much given to tongue wagging. I admire elocution and rhetoric and prize them both whenever and wherever they can be enjoyed; but, after all, the tear in your eye, the sadness you feel, the regret in your heart are the grandest eulogies pronounced upon departed souls. You feel, you think, you love, and you respect; and when you meet, as you are doing to-day, to pay homage to the memory of a departed friend, to my mind you are placing in front of humanity a grander and nobler monument than that erected by the hands of man.

Some time ago it was my pleasure to stand in the city of Paris and admire that beautiful tomb of Napoleon—beautiful, grand, impressive—yet, after all, it does not impress me with half the force of the scene which confronts me this afternoon in the metropolitan city of the greatest Government on earth. [Applause.]

You have heard much this afternoon of AMOS J. CUMMINGS as he journeyed through different walks of life; you have had splendid descriptions of all sides of his magnificent character, and were I to attempt in the brief time allotted to me to give even one-tenth of what I know about his legislative career, I fear we would border upon the late hours of the afternoon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS before he entered the legislative hall had been most amply equipped for that service. He had been taught in the hard school of experience the benefits of labor, of industry; the benefits of friendship, of love, and of character, associating, as he did, with the splendid membership of Big Six. Knowing each member and loved by each member, as he was, he became a friendly soul in all their communications;

he shared with them in their toils and in their joys, and afterwards, when he entered the ranks of the Army to defend the flag of his country and save the Union, he learned the hardships of soldier life, and he appreciated the joys of a victorious army. When he came into the halls of Congress then he was equipped much better than most men are who are sent to responsible places of that kind.

Take AMOS J. CUMMINGS as the representative of organized labor. There is where he particularly shone as a bright, glittering star in legislative life, because the minute that organized labor made a demand—aye, a simple request—upon him it met with immediate obedience and action. Why was he so alert to attend to the wants of that class? Because he had been in the ranks of organized labor. He knew the trials and tribulations of the boys there; he knew what their labor was worth, and he believed that a laborer was worthy of his hire, and whenever he had an opportunity or a chance he gave his vote and his voice for the uplifting of labor. And when the soldier or the soldier's widow in an hour of poverty came to Congress and requested him to intercede with the Government in their behalf he marched side by side with the boys. [Applause.] He knew the valor and bravery of the boy in blue as well as the boy in gray. He knew that those men—honest, conscientious—were fighting for what they thought was right, and he also knew that many a boy had left his mother, his father, his wife, and children to be offered up as a sacrifice upon some battlefield in order that the great Stars and Stripes might still float in the air and his Government remain a grand, united nation. [Applause.]

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, then, was always willing and anxious to help the soldier and the soldier's widow. I know of instances where he has gone outside of his district in individual cases, as

well as in general legislative matters, to benefit the ranks of soldiery in this country. AMOS J. CUMMINGS at the same time knew a sham when he saw one. While he battled for the honest, patriotic soldier, he had no word of praise for the man who shirked fight and who sought to impose himself upon the Government of the United States. AMOS J. CUMMINGS not only thought of the boy with the stick at the printer's table, but he thought of the letter carriers; he thought of the man who carries the hod as he swelters in the sun climbing the ladder alongside the buildings. He thought of the boys in the box, on the engines, in the freight yards; and he also thought of commerce—he thought of trade, he thought of the upbuilding of his country.

Some people have monuments in the nature of granite columns and marble shafts, but AMOS J. CUMMINGS, as a member of the House of Representatives, was more instrumental, perhaps, than any other man in giving to this great city of yours one of the most magnificent custom-houses that will be produced in this or any other country in the next generation. [Applause.] Being chairman of the committee having charge of legislation of that kind, I know his every word and his every action, and while New York City had clamored for fifteen years for recognition of that kind, success did not crown her efforts. It was AMOS J. CUMMINGS, persevering, earnest, and honest, who put his shoulder to the wheel and delivered to your city that splendid structure which is now erecting its columns toward the heavens at the Battery. One of the last words AMOS J. CUMMINGS said to me before he was carried to that bed from which he never arose was, "Be sure, this session of Congress, to give New York City a post-office building." That great metropolitan city, the grand clearing house of the world to-day, succeeding

London as the great business center of this new civilization, he said, was sadly in need of better post-office facilities. He said, "I not only make this request for the letter carriers, for the clerks in the office, but for the business interests of the city of New York, as well as for the great commercial interests of the United States and of the foreign governments transacting business in this country." And it was my pleasure to pay humble recognition to his labors in that regard upon the floor of the House when his last moments were ebbing away.

Friends of AMOS J. CUMMINGS, you may well be proud that you knew him; you may well be proud that he was a friend of yours. I loved AMOS J. CUMMINGS—he a Democrat, I a Republican; in the halls of Congress we knew no party. I knew he was earnest and honest; I knew that he would do what he thought was right, whether with his party or against it, [Applause.] And I knew that he would give the Republicans credit for what they did when they were right, and he would condemn us—and he did a good job when he condemned us—when we were wrong. This is a pleasure for me, I assure you, to be here only for these few moments. AMOS J. CUMMINGS has gone in body, but his life will ever abide with us as a lesson which should guide our footsteps in the years to come. [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. In the lower part of New York City, among the night workers, is a little Catholic church. The pastor of that church ministers to the spiritual requirements of a number of members of this organization, and his time is given to it at a most unseemly hour. The services are held about half past 2 on Sunday mornings. We feel that he is one of the printers, inasmuch as he looks out for their

spiritual needs. I have the honor to introduce to you the Rev. L. J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, New York.

ADDRESS OF REV. L. J. EVERS.

It is indeed a very great pleasure for me this afternoon, as a minister who ministers to the wants of the printers and night-workers of New York, to have the privilege of standing here before you for a few moments to lay my tribute at the grave of one who was a Knight of Labor, and who ever and always in his life defended the manhood, the nobility, and the sublimity of the laboring man's life. And after listening so attentively, as you have, to all of the sweet encomiums that have been paid to the memory of AMOS J. CUMMINGS, I thought that the inspiration that was in the hearts and in the minds and in the soul of that noblest and sweetest of our American poets was realized here this afternoon—the words that are so familiar to us in that beautiful poem, *The Psalm of Life*, the lines in which it says:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

And I have thought, as I have listened here to the words of praise and the eulogies that have been paid to the memory of this grand and noble man, that as he has passed from time on that long road that leads man's soul into that higher and nobler life, that he has left on the sands of time the prints of his noble feet by the acts that he has done, by the life that he has led; that he has left prints on the sands of time that will lead other men on to higher and nobler deeds; and one of the noblest of all deeds is to lead a noble life that others who come after them may have a guiding star to lead them through the dark ways of

earth and ultimately to the culmination of man's end—the eternal joy of God! [Applause.]

In participating in memorial exercises like unto this that commemorate the life and the noble deeds of a man like AMOS J. CUMMINGS, whose life was a life spent in behalf of his own country, and in behalf of his fellow-man, it brings us to the realization that there are before us in life to-day problems that we have never before faced in the history of our country. After the battles of the Revolution we planted deep down in the earth the flag of Liberty and Civilization, and when the days came that that flag pole was to be shattered, and the foundations of our national liberty to be broken asunder, we fought and we nobly won. But, ladies and gentlemen, I say that to-day we are facing another and higher cause, and we have to fight as valiantly and as true—the cause of the laboring man. [Applause.] We have to fight as nobly, I say, for the laboring man as we fought for Liberty in 1776; and when our soldiers died in 1861. [Applause.] I say that the very foundation of our nation here and our happiness as a people and a nation depends upon the home; it depends upon the family, and the family's leader is the father, the bread earner whom we must defend.

That is the problem, I say, that stands before us. And of that AMOS J. CUMMINGS was ever a grand champion, and if his name goes down to posterity it will be that he was, as he was in all the walks of life, the champion of the laboring man, the champion of his rights. [Applause.] He has spent his life in the cause of humanity; he has gone to the battle to lay down his life and to spill his blood to enrich the flower of eternal liberty for these United States; and he took the part of the workingman, and never in all his life when the laboring men's rights were at stake was he ever known to flinch, but

was ever in the fore to fight for the noble hearts and the noble deeds of the man who labors and the man who toils; and in this I say, that although but a mortal man, possibly well known and yet not known to many of us, in fighting that battle for the laboring man, to uplift him from thralldom that he has been brought to by those who would crush him out, that man has done a part and has fought a battle and has defended a cause the rights of which are as noble and as bright as the very cause of the angels of God above. [Applause.]

I did not come here to speak of the religious life—I eliminate that entirely. We take the man as he lived, and we take the man as he served his people; and now that man's soul has gone beyond the confines of time, and we hope it has gone farther in the clouds than the prophet went in his fiery chariot; that his soul has gone beyond those clouds until it is resting now at the feet of that eternal Father, that eternal God, that eternal Maker, the brotherhood of which on earth he loved so well. [Applause.]

He has passed, I say, the confines of time, and his ashes are now slumbering upon the bosom of that mother earth that he fought for and loved so well. His ashes are sleeping there in the hope of an eternal resurrection, as the baby sleeps upon its mother's breast. Oh, then, ladies and gentlemen, after a noble life, so kind to humanity, when that soul has fled beyond the clouds, and as the birds sing around his grave and the trees bloom where his ashes are now resting in peace, let us hope that the birds are but echoing the song of eternal happiness that is now ringing in his very soul; and as his memory goes down through the ages let us hope that other men who follow him will be inspired by his noble life; that they will fight not only for the cause of liberty and civilization, but that their

lives will be spent for the uplifting of that noblest part of humanity—dignified, organized, and healthy labor. [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. We have heard of Mr. CUMMINGS as a Union soldier and as a legislator in the halls of the Union. We will now introduce one of the members of Typographical Union No. 6, to speak of Mr. AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a union printer. I have the honor to introduce to you Mr. Owen J. Kindelon.

ADDRESS OF MR. OWEN J. KINDELON.

Trusting I am not trespassing on sacred ground, I beg to express the hope that this tribute to our departed brother may be some consolation to the one true heart who, above all others, feels the bereavement of his loss. That model of American womanhood who presided in his home—and such presiding in the American home was the inspiration of the American poet, far from his native land, to pen the beautiful truth AMOS J. CUMMINGS so often quoted, "There's no place like home."

To speak of AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a union printer is much the same as speaking of him as a Union soldier. Whatever he did he did with that earnestness that has made American manhood the envy of the world. As a union printer, thirty or more years above the necessity of working at the printer's trade, he still remembered when he was a journeyman printer, and when Mr. CUMMINGS died his card of membership in Typographical Union No. 6 was paid up to August, 1905. [Applause.] It may be that reference might be made in other paths than those so ably trodden here to-day. We might say for Typographical Union No. 6 that it has an undying memory for those who help it to help the workingmen of America to better conditions. Typographical Union No. 6 cherishes the memory of men like Childs

and Drexel. Typographical Union No. 6 never forgets the able assistance it receives from the women of this country. [Applause.] When it needed help most it never looked in vain to the fair sex. The American Federation of Women and their good work will always live in the memory of our union. [Applause.] The trades union's business is to improve the condition of the worker, whether he grinds out his life down in a coal mine or revels in the luxurious atmosphere of a great daily newspaper. AMOS J. CUMMINGS knew that the trades union was one of the greatest civilizers invented by man. Trades unions know their rights, and they demand their rights [applause], not fawning to any man, but, as the American idea is, going forward step by step until they achieve that position where the equality of man ceases to be a figure of speech and becomes a fact. [Applause.] The membership of Typographical Union No. 6 will also remember gratefully the men who carved out their day of rest and made it a day of travel, who left Washington and came here to-day to help us add to the laurel wreath we place on the brow of AMOS J. CUMMINGS. [Applause.]

Years ago, when a copyright law was under consideration in Congress, its merits were debated in a meeting of Typographical Union No. 6, and Mr. Duncan, who was president about that time, said we had in Mr. CUMMINGS a member in the National Legislature who would safeguard the union's interest. And so he did, vigorously and effectively.

My intimate acquaintance with AMOS CUMMINGS began when he contested the Thirteenth New York district with Richard Shannon.

The presiding officer of these memorial services, Mr. James J. Murphy, wrote me, among others, that our good friend and

brother, AMOS, had a hard row to hoe and we should all get to work and help. Printers and other workmen hustled with a will, but when the votes were counted AMOS was four hundred short. He had met his only defeat. It was a landslide year, and the workingman's Congressman was slid.

But the Lord knew they needed CUMMINGS in Congress, so a Republican gentleman who was victorious in the Tenth district—Mr. Andrew Campbell—was called up to his reward, AMOS CUMMINGS was nominated to fill the vacancy, and the sensible voters of the Tenth did the rest, and, until the last day of Mr. CUMMINGS's service in the House his was one of the best represented Congressional districts in the United States.

An incident in that campaign showed the fair and honorable spirit of the man. The day before the battle a man entered CUMMINGS's headquarters. He had an important document, disparaging to Mr. Shannon's record as a soldier. Mr. CUMMINGS listened. When he heard all he was angry. He told the man he knew Richard Shannon better than he did, and that his record as a soldier was as good as his (CUMMINGS's).

Mr. CUMMINGS's predominating characteristic was patriotism and love of liberty.

When the Lord's good time came that his colored children should be free no man responded to his country's call more promptly; in Cuba's struggle no abler advocate had she in the Congress of the United States than Representative CUMMINGS. He gloried in his country's greatness. Her soldiers and sailors and workers could not be too well rewarded for their labors. Himself an American as far as he could trace his ancestors, he gave unstinted praise to the Europeans who came here and fought for independence and the Union—to Lafayette and his French companions; to Germany and the men who "fought

mit Sigel;" to Scotland's sturdy sons who followed the example set by their heroic countryman, John Paul Jones, and to that little Emerald Isle that loves the United States so dearly and contributed hundreds of thousands of her sons whenever Uncle Sam needed soldiers.

One of the ablest of Mr. CUMMINGS's orations to which I listened was on an anniversary of the young Irish martyr to his country's cause—Robert Emmet.

On that occasion Mr. CUMMINGS told some history of people struggling to be free; of the time when Abraham Lincoln was calling for reinforcements and bands played

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!

To the music of that tune Old Erin's sons marched from mountain and valley, and when they reached the shore and filled the ships they sang:

We're coming, Father Abraham,
A hundred thousand more.

And to the music of that same "tramp, tramp," the Irish people a few years later set the prayer of the Manchester martyrs—"God save Ireland."

Mr. Kindelon concluded by saying that General O'Beirne had just described the miraculous escape from death of Mr. CUMMINGS in saving the Starry Banner, when many others had tried in vain and died before their comrades' eyes. He won his medal of honor even at the cannon's mouth. Although it was not Mr. CUMMINGS's destiny to get the martyr's crown, he may ever be ranked with Nathan Hale, of America, and Robert Emmet, of Ireland, than whom history may be searched in vain for braver or more self-sacrificing patriots.

America is great, Cuba is free, and may the next island to be placed on the free list among the nations of the earth be dear old Ireland

Mr. R. M. CAMPBELL, secretary of the memorial committee, said:

Bright as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky,

was the universal admiration for and love of the character and reputation of AMOS CUMMINGS. From East and West, from North and South, from every section of our great country; from high and low, from rich and poor, from officials and representatives of every station in life, from professional and from business circles, hundreds of letters have poured in upon your committee, regretting inability to be present at these services, and paying tributes of love and esteem to the memory of Mr. CUMMINGS.

At this late hour it is possible only to cull a line here and there from letters which are representative of all the others.

Mr. Campbell then read extracts from letters from—

F. C. Ainsworth, Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.	Arthur G. Davis.
William Ainsison, ex-president Inter- national Typographical Union.	George W. C. Drexel.
Hon. John M. Allen.	Hon. Channucey M. Depew.
Hon. William J. Bryan.	Admiral George Dewey.
Isaac H. Blanchard.	James A. Dumont.
Hon. Oliver H. P. Belmont.	Theodore L. De Vinne.
J. W. Bramwood, secretary Inter- national Typographical Union.	John W. Dodsworth.
J. B. Bonner.	Hon. Victor J. Dowling.
Hon. Jacob A. Cantor.	T. B. De Vinne.
Charles H. Cramp.	Rev. Alex. P. Doyle.
Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.	H. L. Einstein.
Ed. J. Cantwell.	Hon. John M. Farquhar.
Hon. Bird S. Coler.	Hon. William P. Frye.
Rev. J. N. Connolly.	Hon. Samuel J. Foley.
Charles H. Cummings.	Philip N. Freytag.
Robert H. Curl.	Hon. John J. Fitzgerald.
Rev. F. M. Clendenin.	E. B. Frost.
Rev. W. S. Crowe.	Hon. John Fox.
August Donath.	Hon. Homer Folks.
	Thomas McCaffery.
	Hon. J. H. Gallinger.
	Hon. D. B. Henderson.

Hon. John Hay.	Bishop Henry C. Potter.
Hon. William R. Hearst.	A. B. Paddock.
Hon. Thomas W. Hynes.	E. A. Putney.
Rev. Edward Judson.	Hon. Joseph Pulitzer.
Hon. William Travers Jerome.	Hon. John N. Partridge.
Hon. Hugh Kelly.	J. Bishop Putnam.
James C. Keller.	Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.
Joseph P. Knapp.	Hon. Thomas B. Reed.
Hon. John D. Long.	Hon. Elihu Root.
Mrs. Charles R. Lowell.	Hon. George F. Roesch.
Algernon Lee.	George O. Rippard.
F. M. Lupton.	Herman Ridder.
Hon. Joseph J. Little.	Hon. M. A. Smith.
James M. Lynch.	Hon. Ignatius A. Sullivan.
Hon. Seth Low.	Rev. D. J. Stafford.
Hon. William E. Mason.	Hon. Charles F. Murphy.
John Mitchell.	Hon. William Sulzer.
S. L. Clemens.	Henry W. Savage.
Henry McMahon.	Hon. William B. Shattuc.
V. E. Macy.	Hon. C. C. Shayne.
Hugo Miller.	John K. Shaw.
Frank Morrison.	Melville E. Stone.
Andrew A. McCormack.	Hon. Alfred Steckler.
Hon. Bernard F. Martin.	Robert W. Smith.
A. W. McKee.	Hon. James Tanner.
Hon. John T. McDonough.	Col. N. B. Thurston.
Hon. John McMackin.	Hon. Henry W. Unger.
Hon. George B. McClellan.	Hon. Timothy G. Woodruff.
Adolph S. Ochs.	William A. Watson.
Gov. Benjamin B. Odell.	David Williams.
Hon. William J. O'Brien.	Hon. Frank E. Wilson.
Hon. Frank W. Palmer.	Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

In concluding, Mr. Campbell said:

And now we have paid our tributes of respect and love for our brother who has passed away. His memory will always be a fragrant reminder of love and service—service to humanity, as an exemplar of one who practiced the teachings of that highest, noblest philosophy, the fatherhood of God, the universal brotherhood of man. As we turn sadly away from his honored grave, it is not as those who sorrow without hope. With the star-eyed

goddess we place implicit faith in Him who rules o'er all, and look forward, while we say, "Good night, good night, dear brother Amos," to that bright morn when loving hearts shall be reunited, loving hands reclasped. No more appropriate words could express our feelings and close this memorial service than the beautiful lines of Cardinal Newman:

So long Thy power hath blest us, sure it still
Will lead us on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since—and lost awhile.

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